Vol 6 **The War Illustrated** N° 142

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE NOVEMBER 27, 1942

CHARGING TO VICTORY IN EGYPT—a photograph taken amid the dust and noise of the terrific battle that began on Oct. 23, and radioed to London from Cairo. It shows Australian troops, covered by a smoke screen, advancing to the assault of an enemy strong-point which has put up a stubborn resistance. Attacked on all sides, taken too by surprise, the defenders surrendered before it came to the bayonet.

Photo British Official: Crown Copyright

NO. 143 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11

ALONG THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Our Military Critic, Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

NOVEMBER has again proved to be a black month for Germany and her partners. The amazing victory of the 8th Army, which, at the time I am writing (some three weeks ahead of publishing day), had already achieved outstanding strategical results—securing the safety of the Middle East and laying for ever apprehension of a great pincer attack—promises to have a still greater effect on the general situation. If, as it is justifiable to hope, it will lead to the occupation of the whole of Libya, the effect on sea communications and shipping problems will be far-reaching and therefore immensely improve the capacity of the Allies for offensive action.

Then, at the moment when Rommel had just reached the Libyan frontier in his desperate attempt to concentrate the remains of the Afrika Korps and check pursuit, came the news of the landing of the American Expeditionary Force in Algeria which promises to render Rommel's plight still more hopeless and to extend the effects of the 8th Army's victory over all North Africa.

But it is not only in Egypt that the situation has improved. In Russia, both at Stalingrad and in the Caucasus, the Red Army has shown its power of resilience, and the German offensives which looked so dangerous are becoming festering sores in her outstretched arms.

In the Far East the Australians have won a remarkable success in New Guinea; and in the Solomons, Japan's attempts to recapture Guadalcanal have entailed losses of ships and aircraft she can ill afford, and have diverted her forces from other theatres, where the Allies can make use of the consequent respite to build up their offensive strength. The situation in the Solomons is still critical, but every week that the Japanese attack can be held relieves tension. Events in Egypt may well have important repercussions in the Far East before even they are fully felt in the European theatre.

EGYPT When I last wrote, the 8th Army offensive had just opened in full blast, though it had actually begun weeks earlier with persistent attacks on Rommel's communications and air force. What was accomplished in the preliminary stages we recognize in the hard disputed air supremacy that has been established, and in the fact that no tanker had reached Libya for six weeks before battle was joined. Furthermore, the full fruits of these activities have not yet been gathered.

I confess that, although I had good hopes that Rommel would be driven out of his defensive lines, yet I did not expect that it would be accomplished so speedily or with such decisive results—results which promise to be even more shattering and far-reaching in their effect than the most sanguine imagination could have pictured.

How was it done? Speaking broadly, the attack was admirably planned, the staff work above criticism, and the fighting qualities of the troops in courage, dash, and trained skill above praise. The enemy, tied to the defensive, was never allowed to regain the initiative, but was forced to conform to his opponent's moves.

Yet that would not account for the completeness of his defeat, for a skilful general—as Rommel undoubtedly is—can, as a rule, escape disaster by retreat if he has plenty of room behind him. I cannot help thinking that Rommel, having himself failed to break out of El Alamein bottle-neck, assumed that Montgomery would similarly fail, and, being confident that he would retrieve any temporary loss of ground with his armoured "fist," postponed retreat till too late. Montgomery's tactics, and the superiority of his air arm, however, prevented the "fist" coming into effective action.

MONTGOMERY TO HIS MEN

On the Eve of the Battle:
Destroy Rommel and his army!

After Twelve Days:
The enemy is in our power and is just about to crack. I call on all troops to keep up the pressure and not relax for one moment. **We have a chance to put the whole Panzer army in the bag and we will do so.** I congratulate all troops on what has been achieved. Complete victory is almost in sight. On your behalf I have sent a separate message to our air forces thanking them for their quite magnificent support.

After the Battle:
The battle we have just won is only the beginning of our task. There is much to be done yet, and it will call for a supreme effort and great hardship on the part of every officer and man. Forward, then, in our task to remove the Germans from North Africa. The Germans began this trouble and they must now take the consequences. They asked for it and they'll now get it. Let no officer or man relax. Let us drive ahead to the west and destroy the enemy wherever he is met.

To the Press on November 6:
The soldiers have been magnificent. They have never let up once.

It is interesting to compare Montgomery's tactics, when confronted by a position having secure flanks, with those so often employed in the last war. Haig strategically adopted a policy of attrition of Germany's total strength; but tactically in most of his offensives, until the final stages of the war, he started with an attempt to effect a break-through. When that failed he fell back on tactical attrition. Montgomery, on the other hand, started his offensive with tactical attrition, reserving his main blow till he had worn through his enemy's defences, and reserved his strength for a final break-through, when it would have decisive strategical results.

There is another point worthy of notice in this connexion.

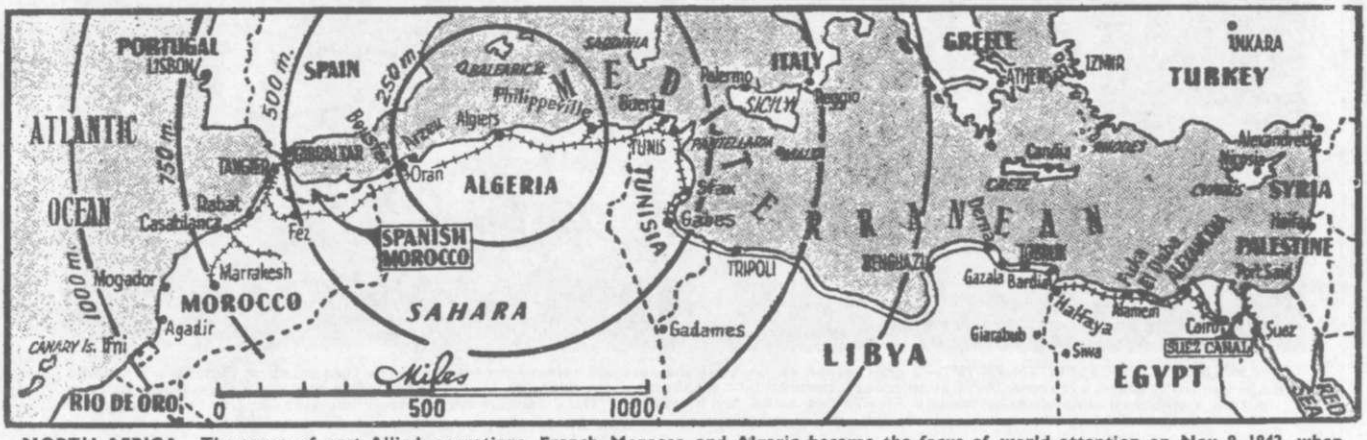
I have often seen it stated that the good general will look for a soft spot in which to deliver his decisive attack. I have argued that this is seldom true, and that the good general tactically aims at making a soft spot in the place where his decisive attack will produce the most far-reaching result; and that will seldom be where tactical resistance is likely to be weakest. In this case, Montgomery made his soft spot at the part of the enemy's front tactically strongest, and delivered his decisive attack when the soft spot had been made by preliminary action.

To follow the battle till it became a question of pursuit. At 10 p.m. on Oct. 23, after an all-day bombing of the enemy's airfields and a half-hour hurricane artillery bombardment, the initial attack was launched at a number of points on the whole of the enemy's front—sappers and infantry clearing roads through minefields to enable tanks to get forward to assist in the capture of the enemy's posts and in repelling counter-attacks. A footing in Rommel's forward positions was practically everywhere gained, and the ground captured was consolidated. Objectives were limited, and no attempt at a decisive break-through was made, though tanks in the northern sector, where penetration was deepest, on Oct. 24 went some distance forward.

During the next and following days our troops were mainly engaged in consolidating ground won, in repelling local counter-attacks, and extending their hold by minor operations, generally carried out by night. The weight of the attack was in the north, where the 9th Australian and the 51st Divisions succeeded in making a deep bulge in the enemy's position. This drew the enemy's main armour to the north. On several occasions they threatened to counter-attack in force, but under heavy air and artillery bombardments dispersed.

All this time the enemy were kept under continuous bombardment from air and ground, suffering heavily. No considerable clash of armoured forces took place, though there were some long-range exchanges of fire.

On the night of Oct. 30 the Australians, now deep in the enemy's position, struck northwards to the sea, cutting off the enemy regiment on the coast, and successfully repelled counter-attacks and attempts to

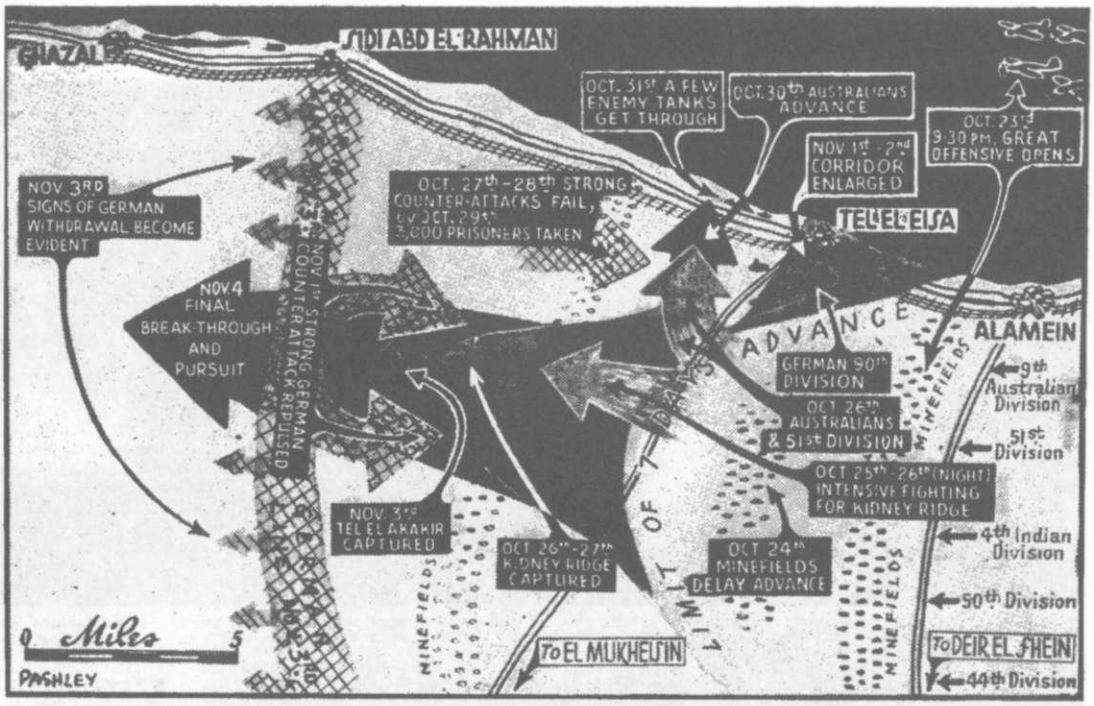


NORTH AFRICA. The scene of vast Allied operations, French Morocco and Algeria became the focus of world attention on Nov. 8, 1942, when numerous and well-equipped U.S. forces, supported by the Royal Navy and the R.A.F., landed at strategic points along the North Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts. Algiers fell on Nov. 8, Oran on Nov. 10, and Casablanca on Nov. 11. Tunisia was invaded by the British 1st Army before the week was out. Thus Rommel's retreating troops were threatened from the rear. *By courtesy of News Chronicle*

withdraw the troops in the pocket. What their ultimate fate was we were not told at the time, but probably they found their way to a prisoners-of-war cage.

BY now the enemy's defences had been weakened. His reserves had been forced to concentrate on a threatened flank, and his minefields had been penetrated. The time had come for a decisive blow to break through and open a gap through which our armour could pass.

On the night of Nov. 1 the decisive attack was launched, some ten miles south of the coast. By dawn on Nov. 2 the last minefield had been passed and our main armour moved into open country through the gap. Little has yet been told of the tank encounter which then occurred. Apparently, Rommel attempted to concentrate armour and anti-tank guns to close the gap, but was unable to prevent our armour breaking through to the south, where it isolated the whole of the right of Rommel's position, held by five Italian divisions. The attempt to close the gap failed, therefore, and merely offered a target to aircraft and guns.


GHAZALA
SIDI ABD EL RAHMAN
OCT. 31st A FEW ENEMY TANKS GET THROUGH
OCT. 30th AUSTRALIANS ADVANCE
OCT. 23rd 9·30 PM. GREAT OFFENSIVE OPENS
NOV 1st - 2nd CORRIDOR ENLARGED
NOV. 3RD SIGNS OF GERMAN WITHDRAWAL BECOME EVIDENT
OCT. 27th - 28th STRONG COUNTER-ATTACKS FAIL, BY OCT. 29th 3,000 PRISONERS TAKEN
TEL EL EISA
NOV 4 FINAL BREAK-THROUGH AND PURSUIT
NOV 1ST STRONG GERMAN COUNTER ATTACK REPULSED
ADVANCE
ALAMEIN
GERMAN 90th DIVISION
9th Australian Division
OCT 26th AUSTRALIANS & 51st DIVISION
51st Division
OCT 25th - 26th (NIGHT) INTENSIVE FIGHTING FOR KIDNEY RIDGE
NOV 3rd TEL EL AKAKIR CAPTURED
OCT 26th - 27th KIDNEY RIDGE CAPTURED
OCT 24th MINEFIELDS DELAY ADVANCE
4th Indian Division
50th Division
MINEFIELDS
MINEFIELDS
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0 Miles 5
PASHLEY
TO EL MUKHEIFIN
TO DEIR EL SHEIN
44th Division

THE BATTLE OF EGYPT, as Mr. Churchill named it in his Mansion House speech on Nov. 10, was "a remarkable and definite victory." Not only were the German and Italian forces thrown out of Egypt, but the enemy's hold upon the whole of N. Africa was threatened. This map shows, as accurately as may be so far ascertained, the successive stages of the Allied drive from El Alamein between Oct. 24 and Nov. 4, 1942. *By courtesy of News Chronicle*

On Wednesday, Oct. 4, the world heard that Rommel was in full retreat with his transport and wheeled vehicles of all sorts streaming west along the coast road, presenting a target all airmen must dream of—an army in retreat through a congested defile.

ROMMEL for a time attempted to form an armoured rearguard to cover his retreat, but allotted the duty to the Italian armour; and, abandoning the Italian divisions in the south to their fate, withdrew his badly shattered Afrika Korps at all speed.

Probably he hoped to retain a fist which might strike at his pursuers if they outran their supplies. At least it would form the nucleus of a force which, with reinforcements, might defend Libya. His return to Libya has been faster even than his advance into Egypt, but he will find Libya bare of supplies, especially of petrol, and his air arm and transport services are shattered. Alexander and Montgomery are unlikely to be overawed by Rommel's reputation as a turner of tables. They have far to go before the fruits of their victory can be fully gathered, but their pursuit will lack nothing in vigour nor be checked by any lack of foresight in preparation.

When all have done so magnificently, it would be invidious to offer bouquets; but it should be realized that the foundation of the victory was the infantry who, by closing with the enemy, compelled him to open vulnerable targets to the other arms and confirmed the effects of their action. The infantry's task was the hardest, entailing the greatest risks and the most continuous and arduous effort.

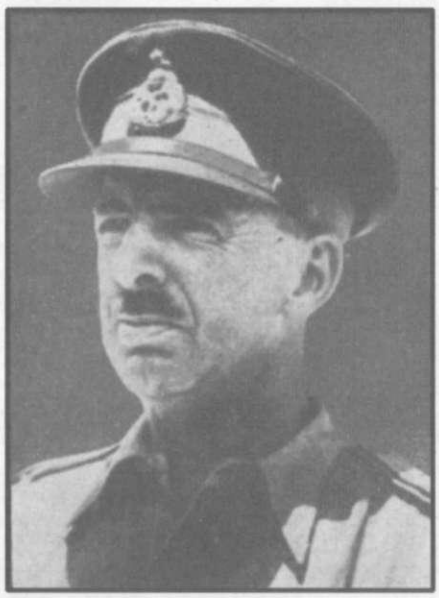
RUSSIA So long as the Germans have a footing in Stalingrad, and show a determination to capture the city at any cost, the danger that they may succeed remains. Yet the danger is no greater and to some extent may be less than it was a fortnight ago. Renewed attacks have been made both in the north-west suburbs and against the city itself; some have been on a small and some on a considerable scale with fresh troops, but none has gained ground permanently. Russian counter-attacks have been more vigorous than ever, and have even recovered positions previously lost. Reinforcements have been steadily reaching the garrison, and in some instances have been landed at points where they were able immediately to attack and surprise the enemy. The relief armies continue to maintain pressure and to gain ground.

The German failure to make progress is difficult to explain. It may be that part of the Luftwaffe has been diverted to the Caucasus front, or that there is some shortage of artillery ammunition. One cannot, however, help suspecting that disappointed hopes and the desperate scale of losses have taken some of the fire and determination out of the Nazi troops, while the Russians, knowing that they have time and again stopped the enemy, continually gain confidence that they will do it again. And, moreover, experience has taught them how it can be done.

In the western Caucasus the situation has improved even more than at Stalingrad, for not only has the German drive to Tuapse been halted, but it has lost ground. In the central Caucasus the situation in the Terek valley looked serious when the Germans launched a new offensive from a point south-west of Mozdok against the weakly held Russian left flank at Nalchik. The attack seems to have come as a surprise, and not only was Nalchik captured but considerable progress was made towards the important town of Ordzhonikidze, the terminus of the great military road across the Caucasus.

It is inconceivable that the Germans intended at this season to attempt to cross the mountains by this road which leads to Tiflis or by the other road leading to Batum on which they gained a footing, for both passes reach an altitude of 9,000 ft., and are already snowbound. On the other hand, the occupation of the Upper Terek valley would have deprived the Russians of a valuable base of operations and source of supplies; and it would provide the Germans with winter shelter. The drive made in formidable force pressed back the Russians, who fought stubborn rearguard actions, until the arrival of reinforcements enabled them to bring it to a standstill. The critical situation now seems to have passed, since, although the Germans in the Mozdok area renewed their attacks, they made no progress.

In the centre and north of the vast Russian front autumn rains have evidently made operations on a large scale by either side impracticable, but when frost sets in there are likely to be developments.



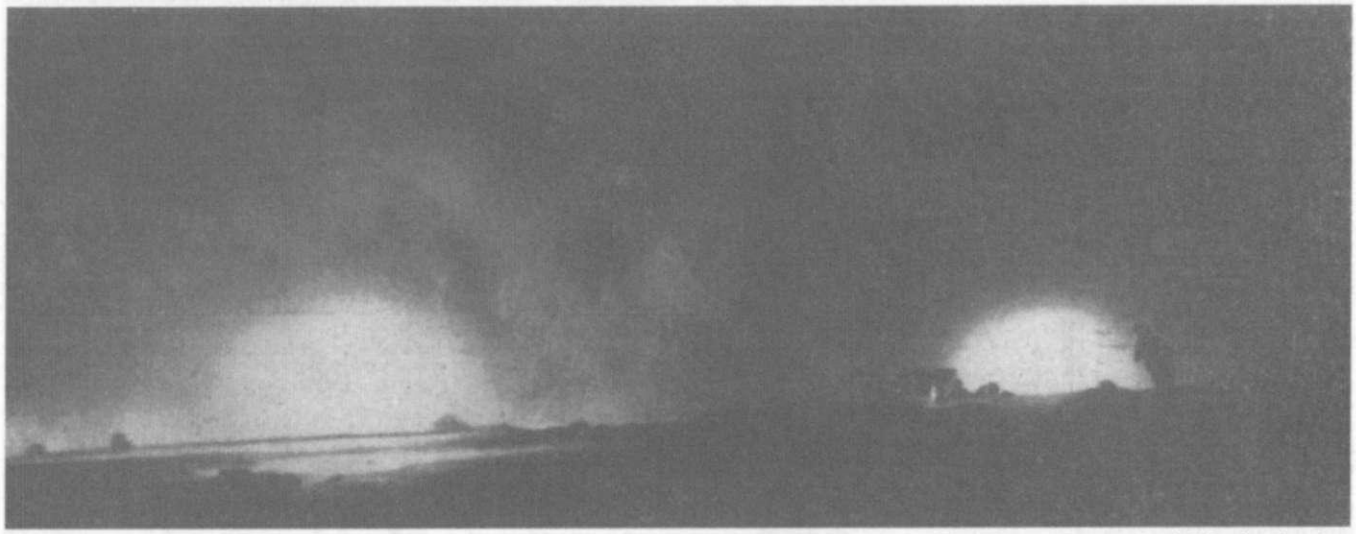
LT.-GEN. S. F. ROWELL, commander of the Allied forces which recaptured Kokoda, New Guinea, on Nov. 2, 1942. On Nov. 8 it was stated that his forces controlled all Papua except areas around Buna and Gona.
Photo, Keystone

FAR EAST The Australian drive across the Owen Stanley Mountains and their capture of Kokoda was a remarkable achievement, and the prevention of the Japanese attempt to land reinforcements at Buna is an indication of a weakness in Japan's whole strategic situation—the vulnerability of her lines of communication.

In the Solomons Japanese attempts to recapture the Guadalcanal aerodrome have failed, and the American Marines have counter-attacked successfully, but the situation cannot be considered entirely satisfactory so long as the Japanese are able to land reinforcements. The Allied air arm is, however, compelling the Japanese fleet to act cautiously.

It was welcome news that the French in Madagascar had at last accepted the inevitable, and agreed to an armistice. General Platt's force has done its work admirably, and its achievement makes a substantial contribution to the general improvement in the strategic situation.

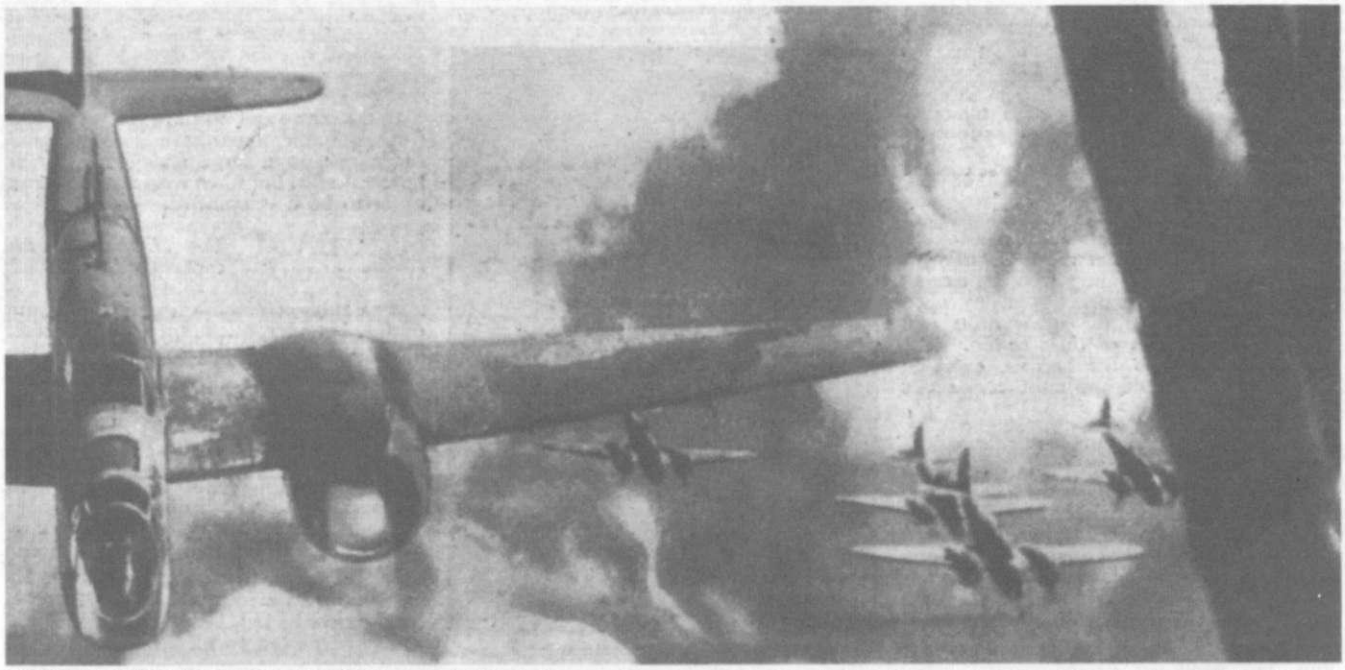
Watch the 8th Army Assail Rommel's Lines



The Western Desert sky brilliantly illuminated during the mighty artillery barrage which preceded the great advance on Oct 23.

VIVID and dramatic are the scenes of the Egyptian battle-front which appear in this and the opposite page; they were taken by a corps of 25 sergeant-photographers, members of the A.F.P.U. (Army Film and Photographic Unit). Despite desperate hazards these men roam the battlefields on motor-bicycles, carrying "still" cameras. Most of them were recruited and trained in Britain, and some were newspaper photographers in civil life. Going right into the thick of battle, they have unrivalled opportunities to "shoot" troops in action.

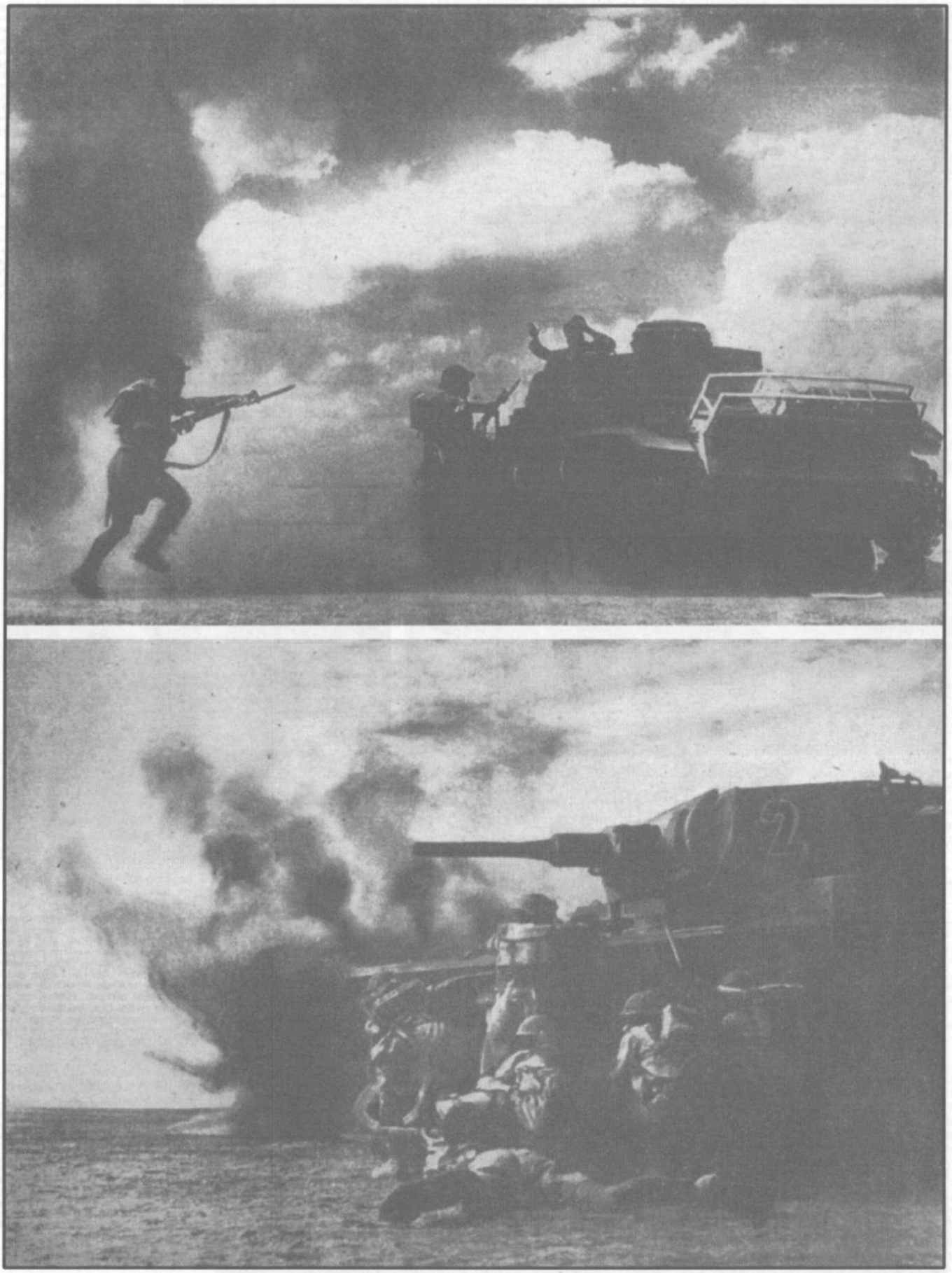
In the earlier campaigns in N. Africa photos were flown to England, and so rapid was the development of "news" that some of these photos became out of date before their arrival. Now, however, radio-transmission is installed in Cairo, and the processes of taking photos on the battlefield, rushing them to the base, developing, printing, captioning, transmitting and distributing them are completed in less than 48 hours. From Cairo there are direct transmissions to London and New York. Inset, A.F.P.U. badge.



THE 8TH ARMY'S ADVANCE IN EGYPT was maintained at tremendous pressure as the shattered enemy columns retreated towards the Libyan frontier. Centre, Allied lorried infantry thrusts relentlessly forward through an Axis minefield in spite of intense shell-fire. Below, a formation of Baltimore bombers, seen through the lower gun-hatch of another aircraft, is leading a violent attack against Axis ground positions. Air pursuit of the enemy greatly contributed to our success.

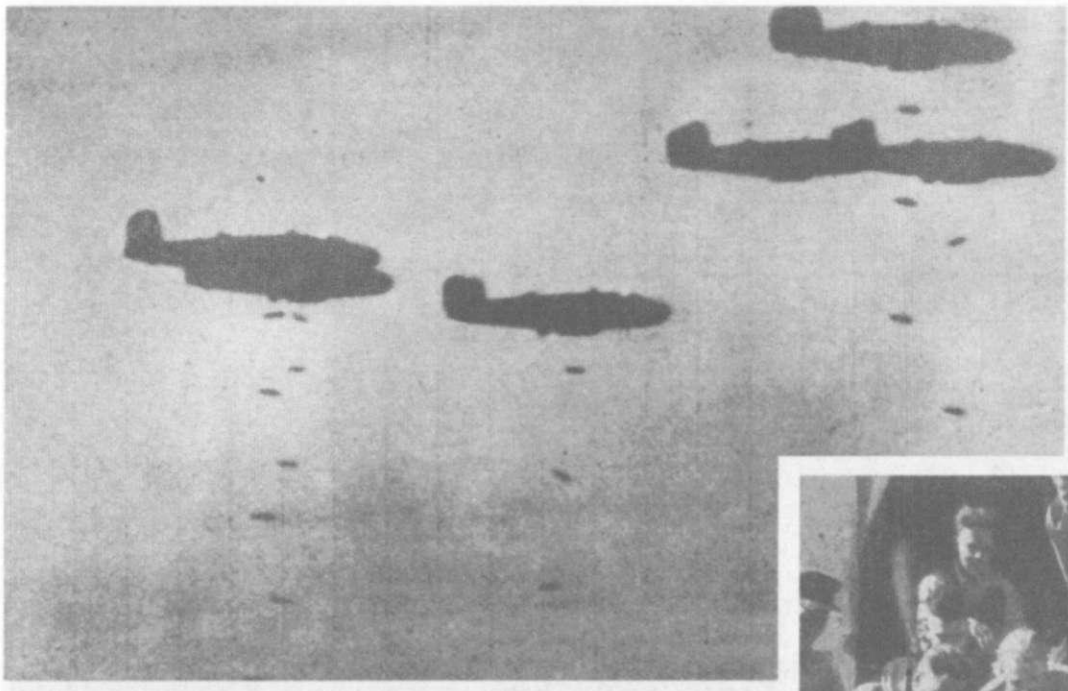
Photos, British Official

'Action' Photographs Taken at Deadly Hazard



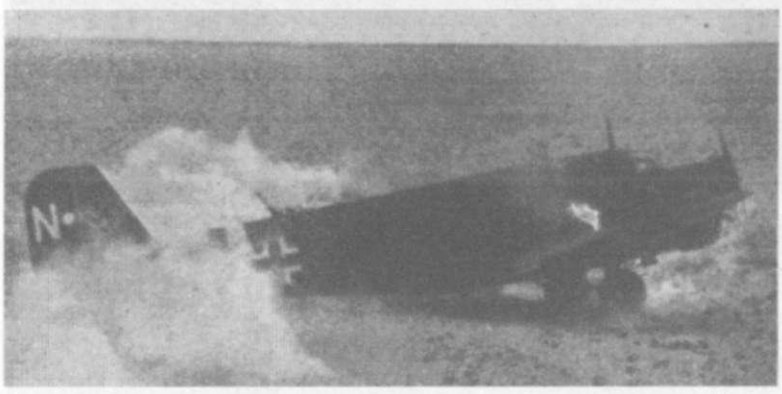
BATTLE-LINE SCENES FROM EGYPT. As a result of the 8th Army's magnificent drive against the Axis forces in the Western Desert, it was stated in Cairo on Nov. 8, 1942, that the number of enemy tanks captured and destroyed possibly reached the total of 500. In the top photograph the survivor of a knocked-out Panzer is surrendering to British infantrymen. Below, our troops are taking shelter behind another wrecked German tank. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

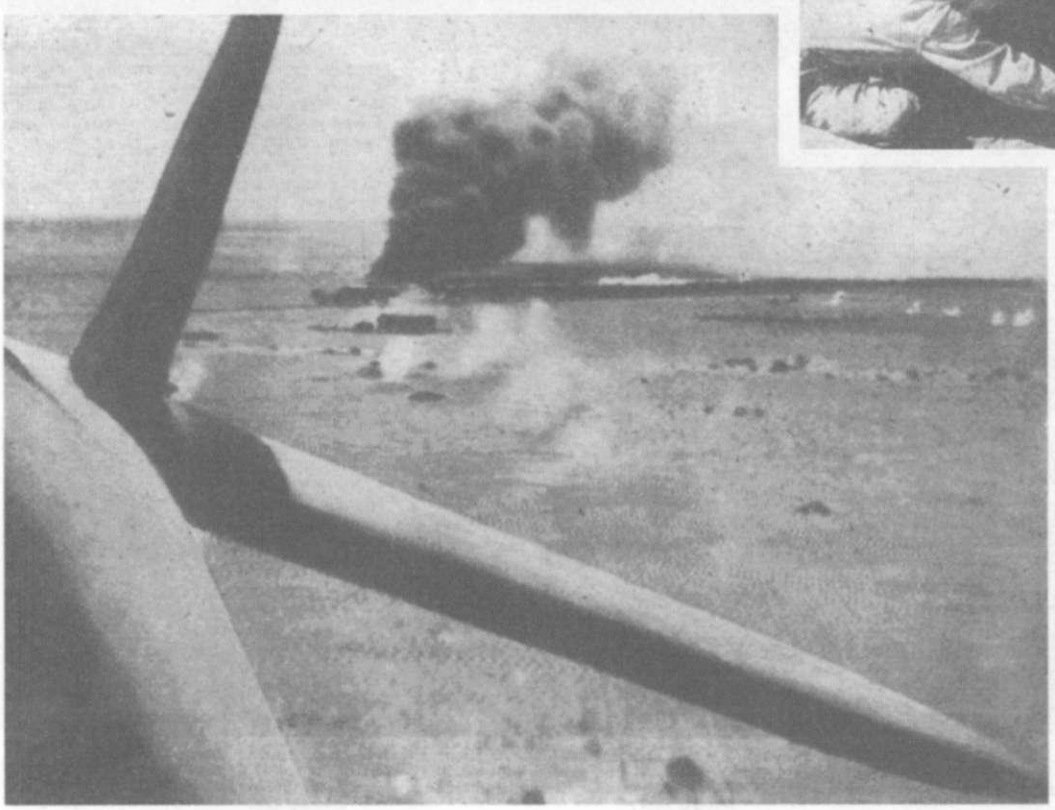
Montgomery to Our Air Forces: 'Quite Magnificent'



"In this battle," said Gen. Montgomery on Nov. 6, "the 8th Army and the R.A.F. in the Western Desert are a complete entity. Throughout the battle we have been one fighting machine, and that machine has been such that we have finished the Germans here." Left, a formation of R.A.F. B.25s (U.S. Mitchell bombers) drops a shower of bombs with deadly precision.

Although the enemy did his best to challenge our air supremacy over the Egyptian battle area, Air Vice-Marshal Coningham's planes were ever "on top." Below, men of an R.A.F. Fighter-Bomber Squadron discuss their triumphs with the aid of diagrams drawn in the sand. In two days this squadron's "bag" amounted to 11 Stukas destroyed and several more severely damaged.





In the Battle of Egypt heavy toll was taken of Axis aircraft by the Allied air force, on the ground as well as in actual combat. Centre left, cannon shells enter the tail of a Ju.52 military transport plane which has been forced down on an enemy airfield in the desert, and its starboard engine is on fire. A member of the crew is lying on the ground beside it.

Taken from one of the attacking aircraft, the photograph on the left shows an enemy supply train with twenty-six trucks blazing furiously as the result of a devastating swoop by R.A.F. long-distance fighters and S.A.A.F. light bombers behind the enemy's lines in Egypt. An ammunition truck was blown to pieces and the locomotive set ablaze, as our fighters raked the train with cannon fire.

Photos, British Official

How the Correspondents Saw Rommel Crack

When the great Alexander-Montgomery offensive was launched on Oct. 23, the Press correspondents at the front in Egypt had a grandstand view of the tremendous battle. But for days their cables were severely censored (and very rightly). Here, however, we print a number of selections from their dispatches, which leave nothing to be desired in dramatic reporting.

THE evening of Oct. 23, 1942. "Britain's vast new desert Army is looking on at an unforgettable sight," cabled Ralph Walling, Reuters special correspondent; "beneath a bright moon and across the path of the sun, it is seeing score after score of British and American aircraft of the great air striking force fly over the short 70-mile gap separating the Nile Valley and the El Alamein front, and hearing them pound and strafe the enemy." Then the enemy lines were deluged with metal.

Only a few hours ago I saw the beginning of the heaviest concentration of British artillery fire since the battle of the Somme in the last war. A thumping chorus of thousands of shells, fired from hundreds of 25-pounder, medium and heavy guns, is still roaring around us . . .

Ralph N. WALLING (left) and Richard McMILLAN, Special Correspondents of Reuters and B.U.P. in the Western Desert.

Passing through the British lines while all was yet calm, I drove slowly between columns of men muffled to their ears in greatcoats against the sharp desert winter night. As we came nearer the front we seemed to be driving into a massive arc of fire, spurting against the dim skyline with remarkable clarity. There was no smoke to be seen from this distance, only the flashes running along the horizon to and fro as in a tropical storm of unparalleled frenzy.

Twenty minutes after this the infantry went forward, Greeks and Fighting French marching shoulder to shoulder with British forces . . . It was a proud and determined Eighth Army which went into the battle with a resolute spirit.

AND here is a passage from an account by Christopher Buckley, The Daily Telegraph special correspondent.

It was precisely at 9.40 on Friday night that, with a crack and flash, all round the horizon the British guns burst into life. It was an awe-inspiring experience. I was standing outside the Highlanders' H.Q. Zero hour for the infantry was 10 p.m. As I waited, column after column of khaki-clad figures tramped past me in the moonlight. They had packs on their backs and they carried trenching tools. Their bayonets were fixed. Surprisingly, bayonets do not "gleam in the moonlight." Here and there one carried a large square tin which would be used for containing a flare. They moved forward grimly, silently. There wasn't a word spoken as they passed.

From the sea to the Qattara Depression the battle was joined. F. G. H. Salusbury of the Daily Herald vividly described the infantry assault.

They all walked forward behind their screen of fire under the moon into a wilderness of mines and a venomous welcome of bullets and shells. Some of the mines were touched off by unlucky men; others staggered under the lash of projectiles, fell, and rolled over in the sand, spilling their lives and blood. And the artillery rolled on . . .

Perhaps the most dramatic moment of the night was when I encountered a force of our tanks taking up their positions. They came at me out of the moon haze with a whisper of sound that swelled to a roar and the peculiar dry rattle of tracked vehicles on sand; and they went by like monstrous horses with men riding high on them, and leaning back out of the turrets as if they were in saddles.

A dramatic detail was given by Richard McMillan, the British United Press correspondent, who advanced with the crack 51st Highland Division.

The skirl of bagpipes playing "Highland Laddie" and "Wi' a hundred pipers and a'" sounded in the moonlit night just before our attack opened on the German lines at El Alamein. The pipes were suddenly drowned by the biggest blast ever heard on this front as the British barrage opened with a terrifying roar from hundreds of guns . . .

FOR days the battle continued as Montgomery's infantry fought their way forward, step by step. On Oct. 30 there was another full-scale assault, preceded by another terrific artillery barrage rivalling that which opened the offensive a week before. William Munday of the News Chronicle wrote:

I had driven at dusk into what had previously been enemy lines. The scenery here was never very much, but now the landscape was ripped and torn as if a million madmen with steam shovels had been let loose there during the night. That is what our guns had done.

Germans and Italians had lived here until, at 10 p.m., the desultory crack of a gun here and there suddenly roared into a tornado of splintering steel right back behind the forward enemy troops, putting a curtain of death between them and retreat.

Gradually the guns shortened their range, and every bursting shell shepherded enemy troops nearer and, finally right into the arms of those holding the front opposite them. Meanwhile, others of our units were sweeping around behind them to chop off the salient.

Came a pause, a brief lull; then, in the early hours of Nov. 3 the infantry went over the top again to break through Rommel's defences, to establish a bridgehead in the coastal sector.

I watched the battle begin, said Edwin Tetlow, Daily Mail's special correspondent, from hastily dug cover in the bare desert near Divisional Headquarters, from which units of our shock

William FORREST (left) and William MUNDAY, war correspondents of the News Chronicle at the front in Egypt.

troops were being directed into battle. The barrage was more concentrated than any we have yet put up, and that is concentrated indeed. . . . It would have been a great tonic for the arms workers of Britain, America, and other armament countries if they could have been here as the moon rose this morning and watched the magnificent results of their labours in the workshops. Three parts of the horizon around this spot became studded from zero hour on with leaping tongues of yellow flame. The desert shook with a succession of cracks and rumblings, and the air echoed to the whistle and whine of scores of shells per minute passing towards the enemy's positions around. This nerve-deadening noise and amazing sight went on unbroken for five hours.

Meanwhile, towards the west, our highly-trained shock troops—sappers and lorry-borne specialists—were boring across No-Man's Land and beating out a path for our armour. . . . As the battle developed during the hours before dawn, the struggle with the enemy became ever more fierce, when he rallied from his surprise and began sternly to dispute possession of every inch of defended ground . . .

Rueters Ralph Walling was there, too, watching our tanks tunnelling forward.

The armoured formation—this *corps d'élite* of the British Army—was a formidably impressive sight, moving forward along the desert tracks almost wheel to wheel and gradually emerging on to the edge of the battlefield. A steady artillery fire which had opened up some hours before the advance was pricking the dark clouds to westward. As our leading armoured giants followed up, the Axis forces sent up chandeliers of flares into the sky to catch a glimpse of what was happening.

Edwin TETLOW (left) and F. G. H. SALUSBURY, representatives of the Daily Mail and the Daily Herald respectively.

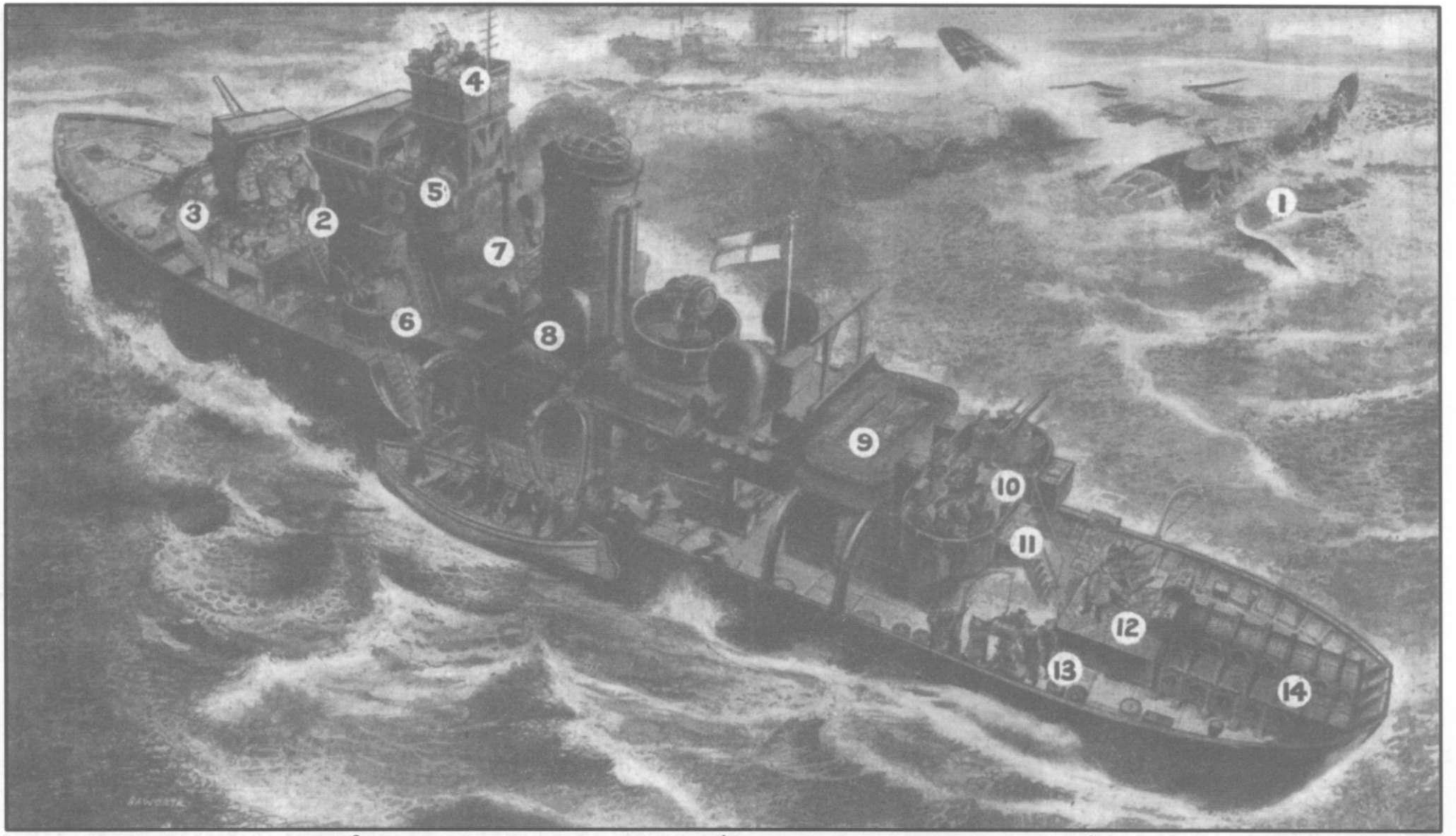
Beneath their pale glare the infantry wormed forward, tearing and hacking at the fresh and hastily-placed wire, while engineer companies prodded and searched for scattered mines . . . The bridgehead was cut in one final sweep by our infantry after the gallant Australians had driven a salient northwards towards the coast . . . just deep enough and no more. It is a dusty, smoky hell on both sides and at the far end, where no one is welcome who has not a job to do with knocking out German tanks and anti-tank guns.

On Nov. 3 a break-through of the enemy lines proper had been achieved after very hard fighting against a very stubborn enemy, wrote Eric Lloyd Williams, Reuters Special Correspondent at a forward aerodrome.

First signs of the Axis rout were reported back to this aerodrome early this afternoon when a message flashed from the Eighth Army's land forces announced that the enemy was beginning to fall back towards the west. It was the moment for the Allied forces to strike. The call went to the squadrons to "send in every available bomber and every available fighter . . ."

Great dust plumes rose as one plane after another took off heading west with throttles wide open. Down on the aerodromes tired ground crews, the sweat running down their faces grimed with oil and dust, paused for a few seconds in their work to give the "thumbs up" sign to the pilots. Everyone was in on this great show. British airmen, Americans at their aerodromes where the stars and stripes fluttered in the dust clouds, Australians, South Africans—every squadron mustered every possible plane, loaded them with bombs and sent them in to pound the enemy . . . One British fighter pilot, newly returned from strafing a road, said: There's very little future in being a German this afternoon.

AFTER the break-through, General Montgomery was able to spare a few minutes to tell the correspondents something of how the victory had been won. The meeting was described in vivid phrases by William Forrest of the News Chronicle. Coming out of his tent with a tank beret on his head, General Montgomery told the pressmen that "the Boche is completely finished. Those portions of the enemy's forces which have not got away are trying to do so. They are in full retreat. Those that cannot, are facing our troops, and the whole lot will soon be in the bag . . . When the battle began I hardly hoped for such complete victory after only twelve days of fighting, but there it is—he's absolutely finished."



BATTLESHIPS IN MINIATURE,' as corvettes have been aptly termed, are among the 600 warships and auxiliaries which are engaged in the grim struggle to keep our merchantmen plying back and forth with their vital cargoes. Sturdy little escort vessels built on whale-catcher lines, the corvettes are fast and well armed, particularly seaworthy, and comparatively quickly and cheaply built. In this page a vessel of the corvette type is shown carrying out a job of work.

A torpedo-carrying Heinkel III has been shot down during an attack on the convoy. As the merchant ships press onwards, the escort vessel stops to lower away a boat, which will pick up the German airman, whose inflated rubber dinghy has become swamped (1).

During the lull the messman carries round to the gunners and lookouts a pail of hot tea (2). He is seen dishing it out to the crew of the forward 4-in. gun. This is a dual-purpose weapon, and the shells to feed it can be seen ranged on racks on the semi-circular gun platform (3). On the high lookout platform two sailors keep watch against a fresh attack, whilst a third changes ammunition drums on the A.A. machine-guns (4).

Below this group is the signalling platform leading from the navigating bridge. Here is seen the ship's captain as he keeps watch (5). Within the square superstructure are wheelhouse, chart-house, compass platform, etc., and on either side are other A.A. machine-gun posts manned by steel-helmeted, duffle-smocked matelots (6). The tea is brewed in the galley, the position of which is revealed by the tall "stove pipe" between bridge and funnel (7). On the forward face of the funnel can be seen one of the twin sirens used for signalling, etc. Ventilator cowls (8) are from the engine-room down below, where the oil-burning furnaces are located. Aft of the funnel is the searchlight platform, then the Jack-staff with White Ensign and the Carley floats (9) ready to be launched down the curved runners should emergency demand. The crews of the two pom-pom guns are on the alert (10). Note the ammunition lockers (11), between which a gangway descends to the deck. Here can be seen a miniature edition of the "Chicago Pianos" on large warships. This one is a multiple A.A. M.-G. (12). When a U-boat is detected the crews swing a depth-charge on to the thrower (13). Many more can be seen stacked in the stern chute (14).

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

THE WAR AT SEA

by **Francis E. McMurtrie**

News of the first importance was received from French North Africa on Nov. 8. Under the protection of the Royal and the U.S. Navies American troops have occupied the principal ports of Algeria and French Morocco. They may now be expected to advance through Tunisia to attack Rommel's army in the rear. Though French warships and coastal batteries at Casablanca and Oran offered some resistance, this was overcome and both ports surrendered.

This successful undertaking has been one of the greatest feats of organization in British naval history, involving as it did the secret assembly and safe escort to their destinations of hundreds of transports and supply ships. Everything was accomplished promptly to schedule. Yet the Germans seem to have imagined that our shipping losses had been altogether too severe for such an enterprise to be feasible. This gives a clear illustration of the value of sea power. It has enabled fresh military forces to be thrown suddenly into action at points where their arrival could not have been foreseen, thus giving the inestimable advantage of surprise.

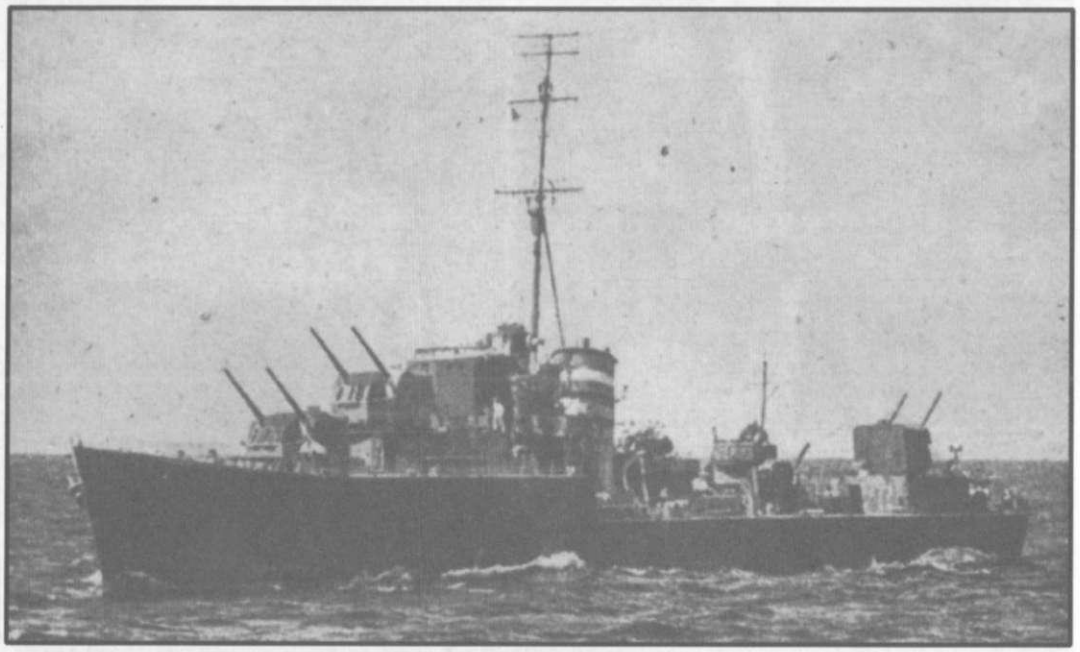
It is to sea power also that we owe our resounding victory over the Axis armies in Egypt. Without the Royal Navy that victory could never have been achieved. Every soldier, every tank, every gun, and every ton of ammunition used by General Montgomery to defeat Rommel; and all the petrol and most of the aircraft employed by Air Marshal Coningham to the same end, had to be transported to the theatre of operations by sea.

Except for a small proportion landed at a West African port to find their way across the continent, the bulk of these troops, planes and supplies had to be brought to the ports of Egypt via the Cape of Good Hope, a route fully 11,000 miles in length. In vain have German, Italian and Japanese submarines tried to stem this steady stream of traffic. Losses there doubtless have been, but their importance has not been such as to interfere with the programme. Without the protection afforded by the Navy it would have been a hopeless enterprise to dispatch troops and supplies over such an immense distance. Recently German commentators have endeavoured to make the most of U-boat attacks upon shipping on the Cape route, suggesting that they have misgivings as to their efficacy.

With the surrender of the last remnant of Vichy's troops in Madagascar, all prospect of Axis submarines making further use of the ports of that island has vanished. It is understood that the islands of the Comoro group, at the northern end of the Mozambique Channel, have also been brought under British control.

In these circumstances it is questionable if the enemy can find a secure lurking-place anywhere on the African coast south of the Equator. Suggestions that use might be made of such remote and desolate spots as Gough Island or Bouvet Island, on the fringe of the Antarctic regions, carry no conviction. It is far more likely that U-boats are seeking to maintain themselves on these distant stations with the aid of supply ships hiding in the less-frequented sections of the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean, well away from the trade routes. In the past such ships have occasionally been intercepted and destroyed by British cruisers, which may be relied on to hunt them down in time.

In the Mediterranean the work of British submarines in stopping supplies on the short sea routes from Italy and Greece to Libya has been beyond all praise. It has been stated that for six weeks only a single enemy tanker succeeded in getting through, and she was bombed and sunk on arrival at Benghazi.



H.M.S. LIGHTNING. Though destroyers of the Lightning class have been in service for 18 months or more, this is the first photo of the type to be released. In general appearance this design is an enlargement of that of the Javelin type that preceded it. Displacement has gone up from 1,690 tons to 1,920 tons, and dimensions compare thus: Lightning type, length 354 ft., beam 37 ft., draught 10 ft.; Javelin type, length 348 ft., beam 35 ft., draught 9 ft. Part of the extra weight is absorbed by the gun mountings, the main armament of six 4·7-in. weapons being housed in turrets of more massive pattern than the Javelin's. As will be seen, these can be used with a high angle of elevation. Bigger boilers and more powerful turbine engines are another factor that absorbs weight. The Lightning can develop 48,000 shaft horse-power, equal to 36·5 knots, as compared with 40,000 S.H.P. and 36 knots in the Javelin. *Photo, Central Press*

Aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm and R.A.F. have also done their part in attacking enemy convoys bound for North Africa.

There are indications that shortage of petrol and oil fuel had an important bearing on the Axis defeat, and these are probably well founded.

Increasing Threat to Italy

If the campaign continues to progress as favourably as it has done so far, it looks as though it would not be long before the Germans and Italians are expelled from North Africa. We shall then be free to concentrate our energies on attacking Italy in earnest, and it is difficult to imagine that the junior partner in the Axis will long be able to stand the strain.

With all the landing-fields they need on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, our aircraft will be able to make ceaseless attacks on the ports of Sicily and Southern Italy and on coastal shipping. Taranto, the harbour in which the Navy's torpedo aircraft crippled the flower of the Italian Navy in a night attack two years ago, will become untenable, and Italy's fleet will either have to proceed to sea and fight for its existence, or retreat into the recesses of the Adriatic.

Malta, the "unsinkable aircraft carrier" as our enemies have termed it, will be relieved of the pressure which it has so long withstood, and will be in a position to retaliate on its attackers. In the natural course of events we shall be enabled to resume regular sea traffic through the Mediterranean, greatly shortening the time of transit of troops and supplies bound for India and for Russia via the Persian Gulf.

Our foes are perfectly well aware of the consequences which are likely to flow from their final defeat in North Africa; and we must be prepared to meet the most desperate efforts to avert such a contingency.

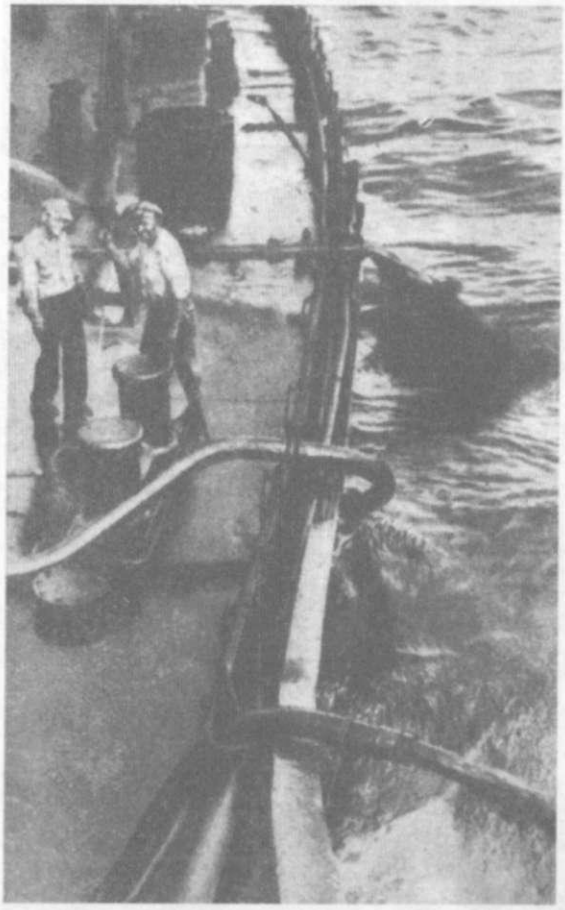
Struggle for the Solomons

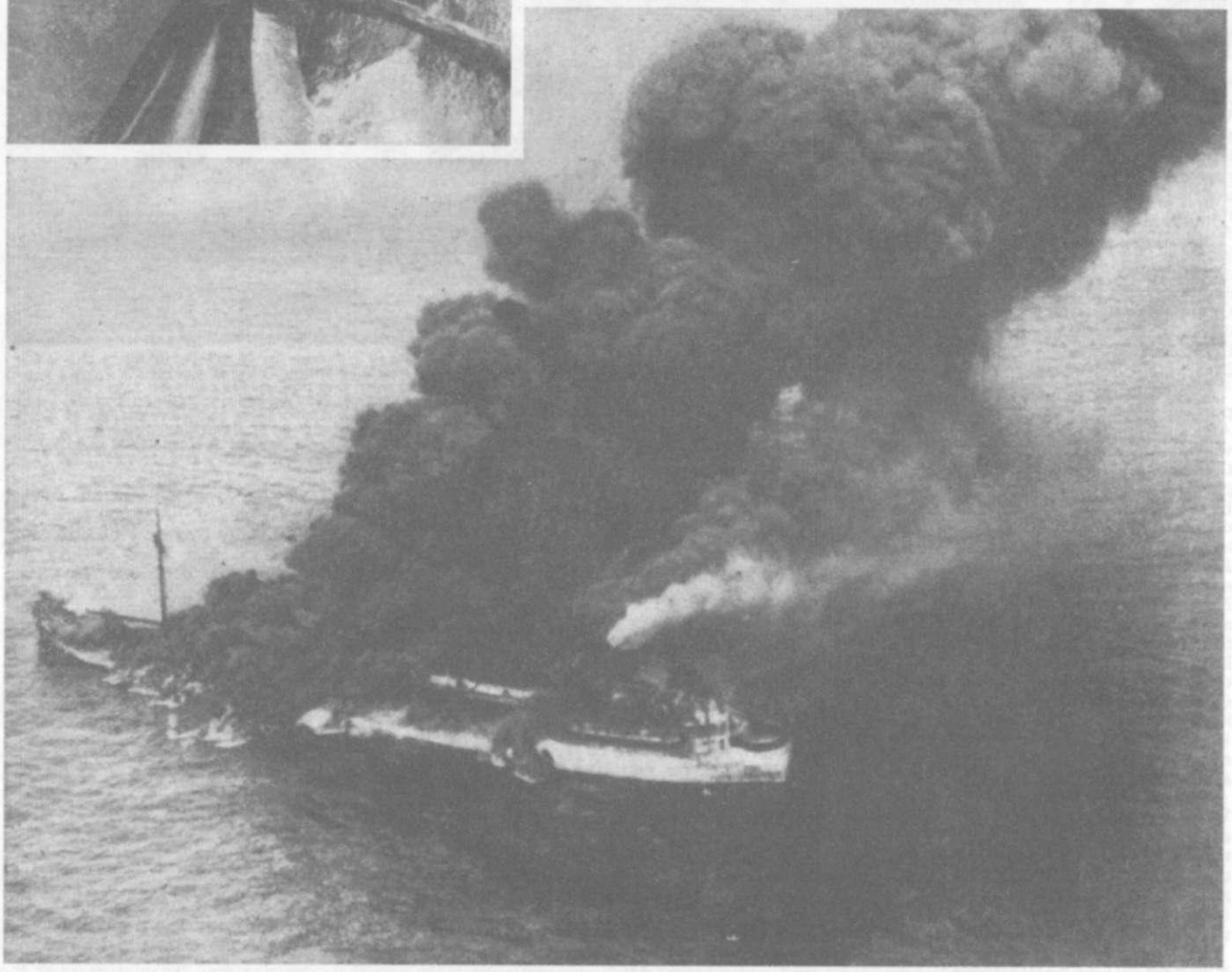
In the Pacific the struggle for the Solomon Islands continues without any decided advantage having accrued to either side. In the sea and air action fought to the eastward of the Stewart Islands on October 26 severe damage is believed to have been inflicted on the Japanese aircraft carriers Syokaku and Zuikaku, of 20,000 tons, both being hit repeatedly by heavy bombs. Two enemy battleships and three cruisers also received hits on this occasion. In further fighting, two and possibly three Japanese destroyers were sunk.

On the other hand, in an encounter off the Santa Cruz Islands, some 50 miles or more to the eastward of the Solomons, an American destroyer, the Porter, was sunk, and an aircraft-carrier torpedoed. Having been severely damaged below the waterline, the latter ship was too badly damaged to be saved, and was therefore sunk by order from the Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Navy in Washington, Admiral Ernest J. King. Her name had not been published up to Nov. 8, but she is presumably either the Ranger, of 14,500 tons; the Hornet or Enterprise, each of 20,000 tons; or the Saratoga, of 33,000 tons.

That damage almost if not quite as severe was inflicted on the enemy aircraft-carriers on the same day may be inferred from the fact that the bulk of the Japanese forces withdrew from the scene of action and have not displayed equal activity since.

In Mid-Ocean a Tanker Was Set Ablaze





TORPEDOED IN THE ATLANTIC by an enemy submarine, the crew of an American tanker fought a desperate battle indeed. In order to keep the vessel on an even keel, oil was pumped into the sea, and after a long and dangerous struggle the fire was subdued. The tanker was then towed by a U.S. warship to an American port. Top left, two members of the crew pumping oil into the sea. Top right, ship's carpenter fighting oncoming flames. Below, the tanker enveloped in smoke.

Photos, Planet News

Where the Americans Landed in North Africa

FRENCH N. AFRICA was invaded by American troops on Sunday, Nov. 8. One of the places seized was Rabat (left photo); on Nov. 9 it was stated that the airfield had been captured by U.S. forces. Right, Algiers harbour, into which on Nov. 9 an Anglo-American naval force sailed and landed reinforcements of U.S. infantry and R.A.F. personnel, the latter taking over airfields captured in earlier landings. The three photos (top inset) show prominent U.S. commanders in the N. African campaign. Left to right: Lt.-Gen. D. D. EISENHOWER, C.-in-C. Allied forces; Lt.-Gen. M. W. CLARK, Deputy C.-in-C.; Brig.-Gen. J. H. DOOLITTLE, Commanding General, U.S. 12th Air Force, Allied Expeditionary Force.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE

MY FRIENDS, who suffer day and night under the overwhelming yoke of the Nazi. I speak to you as one who was in France in 1918 with your army and your navy. I have preserved throughout my life a profound friendship for the whole French people. I retain and carefully cherish hundreds of French friends in France and outside France . . . I salute again, and I declare again and again my faith in liberty, equality, and fraternity . . .

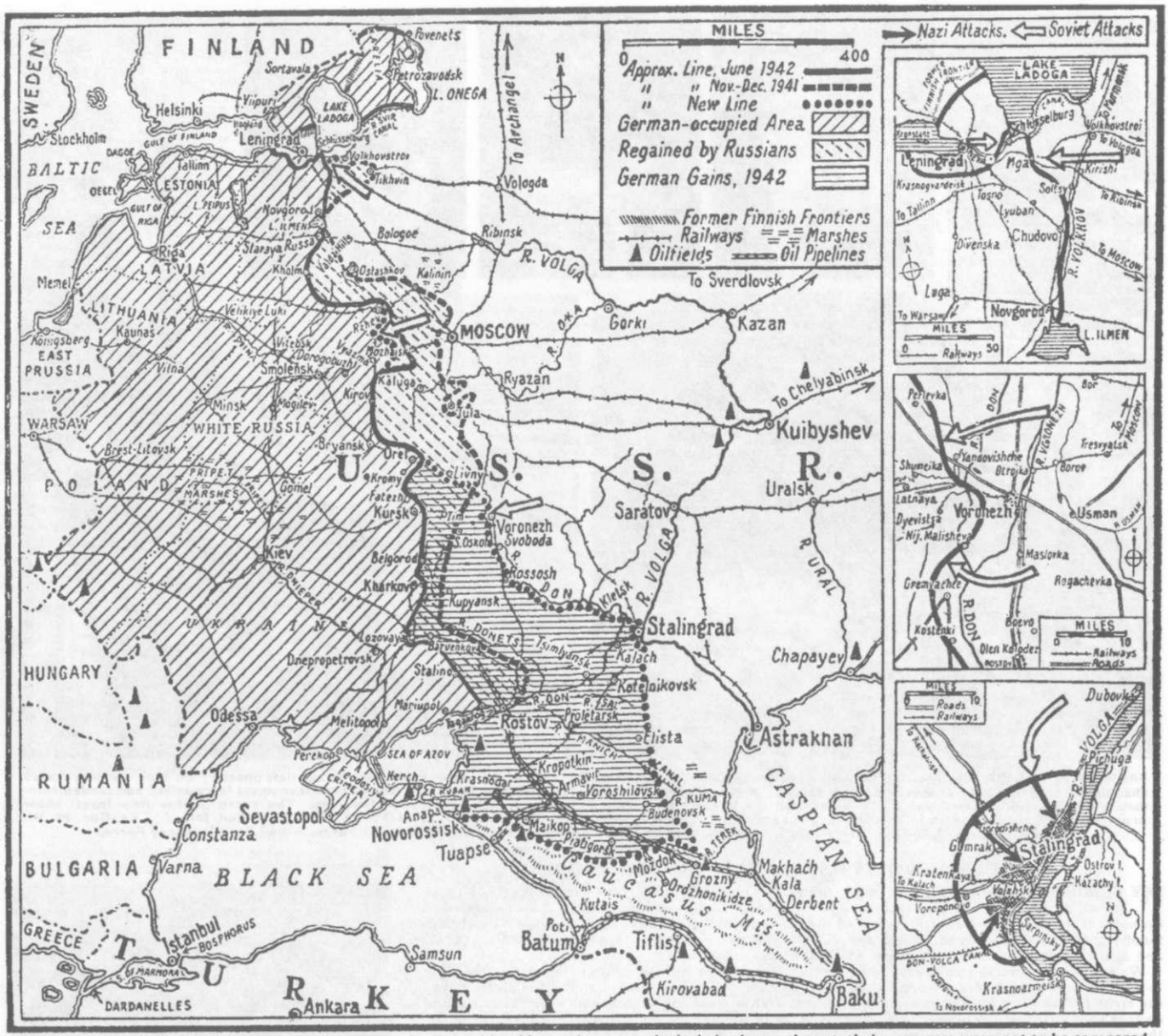
We are coming among you to repulse the cruel invaders who wish to strip you forever of the right to govern yourselves, to deprive you of the right to worship God as you wish and to snatch from you the right to live your lives in peace and security. We are coming among you solely to crush and destroy your enemies. Believe us, we do not wish to do you any harm. We assure you that once the threat of Germany and Italy has been removed from you we will immediately leave your territory . . . Do not, I beg of you, hinder this great purpose. Render your assistance, my friends, where you can. Long live eternal France!

ORAN harbour (above). Following a number of U.S. landings east and west of the naval base at Oran, Vichy reported on Nov. 9 that the port was "almost encircled," and on Nov. 10 it surrendered.

CASABLANCA (left), French naval base on the Atlantic, was attacked by the Anglo-American armada on Nov. 8. French naval forces put up a strong resistance, but this ceased when a number of small ships had been sunk and the battleship Jean Bart hit by dive-bombers and left a burning hulk. On Nov. 11 the town capitulated.

Photos, Sport & General, Planet News, Associated Press, E.N.A., Paul Popper

What the Germans Have Won in Russia



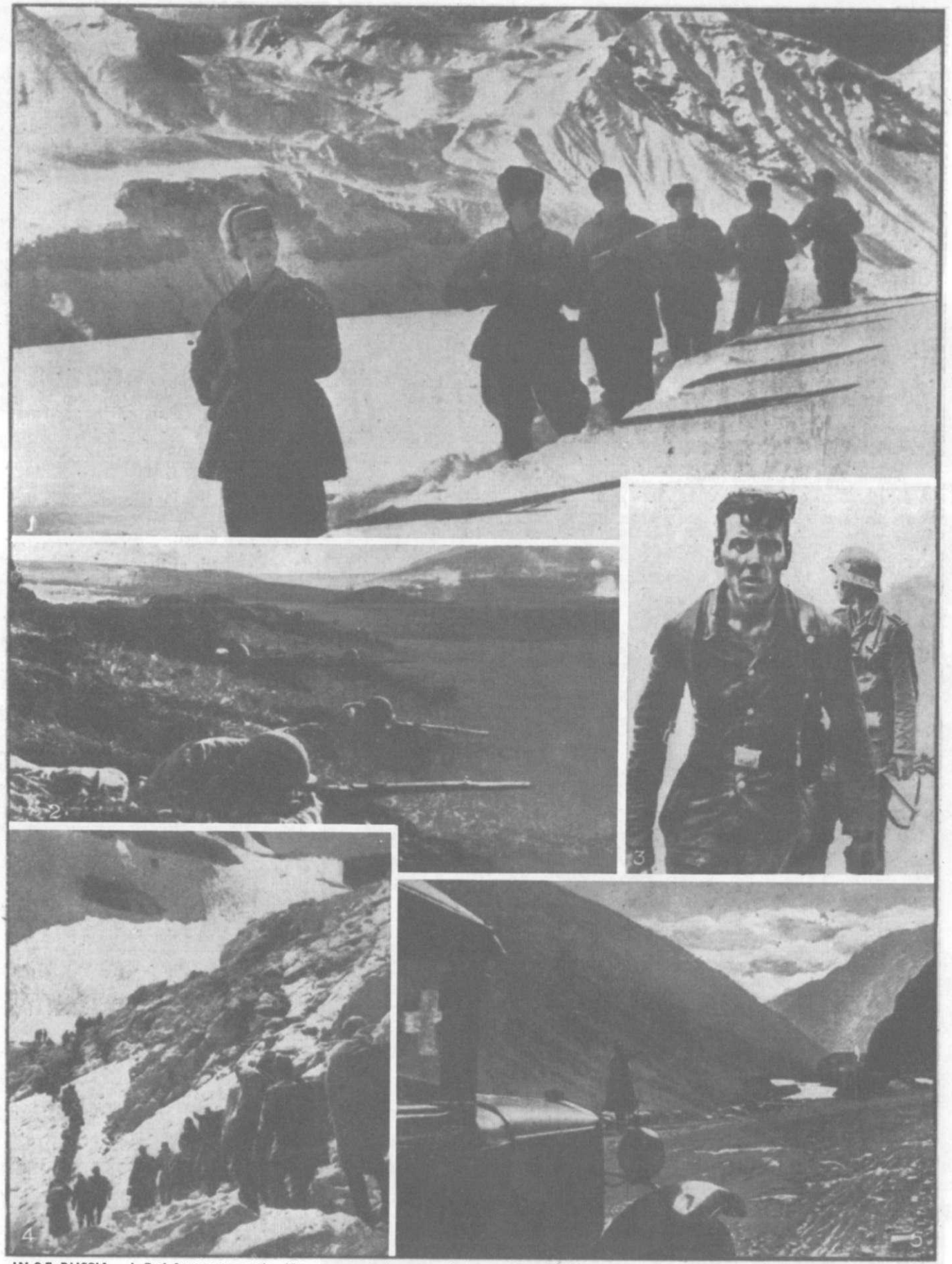
IN RUSSIA DURING 1942, though the Germans gained considerable territory, particularly in the south-east, their successes were not to be compared with those they achieved in the previous year. In this map the horizontally shaded areas show the enemy's advance from June 1942 up to mid-Oct. 1942. A key to the shaded areas is inserted: the "German-occupied area" is that overrun by June of this year. In the three larger-scale maps on the right, arrows mark the direction of the German and Russian attacks on the Leningrad, Voronezh, and Stalingrad fronts. During the autumn of 1942 the enemy's main thrusts were concentrated upon Stalingrad and the Caucasus.

By courtesy of Free Europe

REINFORCING THE DEFENDERS OF STALINGRAD who hold the front line in the battered city, these Red Army troops are seen marching through a street that is partially blocked by debris from devastated houses. Stalingrad's streets rapidly became a series of "communication trenches" leading to the actual fighting line. The desperate battle for the key-city on the banks of the Volga which opened in August 1942 has seen the bitterest fighting of the war.

Photo, News Chronicle

Battle in the Snowbound Passes of the Caucasus



IN S.E. RUSSIA. 1, Red Army automatic riflemen on patrol among the snow-covered heights of Northern Caucasia. 2, Russian infantry in action near Mozdok, through which runs the oil pipe-line from Grozny to Rostov. 3, Weary units of a German advance column entering a Soviet village. 4, Russian prisoners of war transporting munitions and supplies over the mountains for their Nazi captors. 5, Soviet ambulance on the Georgian Military Highway.

Photos, 1, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED: *2 and 5, U.S.S.R. Official. 3, Associated Press, 4, Keystone.*

Anson and Howe: Our Two Newest Battleships

With the release of their photographs, the fact has been made public that two sister-ships of H.M.S. King George V and H.M.S. Duke of York are in full commission with the Royal Navy. Below FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE provides a descriptive appreciation of these latest and most powerful additions to our sea power.

THERE is little prospect of H.M.Ss. Anson and Howe being used in a full-scale naval action such as Jutland. Germany's resources in capital ships do not amount to much, comprising merely the huge Tirpitz, the battered Scharnhorst and Gneisenau (both under refit), and the so-called " pocket battleships " Lützow and Admiral Scheer, which are really glorified armoured cruisers. As the ill-fated cruise of the Bismarck demonstrated, the enemy plan is to use these powerful units as commerce destroyers, if and when they can slip out of port unobserved.

This in turn implies that our own capital ships will be employed to a large extent as heavy escort vessels. It is understood, indeed, that the Anson formed part of the escort under Rear-Admiral R. L. Burnett which took an important convoy through to North Russia in September. It will also be recalled that when the Bismarck made her dramatic appearance in the Atlantic in May, 1941, at least two British battleships, the Rodney and Ramillies, were officially stated to have been engaged on convoy duties.

Future Role of Capital Ships

A similar situation existed in 1918, when the Germans, after raiding Norwegian convoys first with destroyers and then with cruisers, threatened to employ capital ships in such attacks. This threat was promptly countered by adding battleships to the escorts. There is, however, this difference in the present position. In 1918 there was still a possibility, though remote, of another fleet action. Such a contingency can hardly be envisaged today.

When this war is over there is no doubt that a new conception of the capital ship will have been formulated. So long as the battleship combined the strongest offensive qualities with the maximum degree of passive defence, there was no need for any radical alteration in design. But the fate of H.M.Ss. Prince of Wales and Repulse has shown clearly that battleships cannot be regarded as invulnerable to air attack with torpedoes unless they can be afforded fighter protection. Clearly, therefore, a new type of capital ship is required. This may embody, in addition to certain existing features of the present type, the ability to carry its own fighter escort.

Armament and Armour

Without probing further into the future, the fact remains that the Anson and Howe are large and powerful fighting ships, which can be relied on to give a good account of themselves in action. In design they are identical with King George V and Duke of York, all having been laid down in 1937; but they include sundry improvements in detail dictated by recent experience.

On a displacement of 35,000 tons, each ship mounts a main armament of ten 14-inch guns. Eight of these are in two quadruple turrets, one forward and one aft. The remaining pair are carried in a smaller turret immediately abaft the big forward turret, but on a higher level, so that there may be no interference with their field of fire. This ingenious disposition of the heavy guns effects a considerable saving in weight as compared with either eight guns in four turrets, as in the Tirpitz, or nine in three turrets, as in the Scharnhorst design. Desire to save weight also influenced the choice of the 14-inch calibre. Though it fires a lighter projectile, this gun has an effective range greater than the 15-inch mounted in earlier ships, as measured by the perforation of any given thickness of armour.

As secondary armament there are mounted in pairs on either beam a total of sixteen 5·25-in. guns. These are what is known as " dual purpose " guns, meaning that they can be employed either at low angles against targets on the same level, or at high angles against aircraft. It carries four multiple pom-poms and a number of machine-guns, etc.

A special feature of the design is enhanced defence against air attack, in the shape of more extensive distribution of deck and side armour, more elaborate subdivision, and an improved system of under-water protection. It has been stated unofficially that the total weight of the armour is over 14,000 tons, and that its thickness on the waterline is 16 inches.

Four aircraft and a catapult are included in the equipment. Propelling machinery consists of geared turbines of the Parsons type, driving four shafts. The total shaft horse-power is 152,000, equal to a speed of over 30 knots. Steam is provided by oil-fired watertube boilers of the Admiralty three-drum type.

Originally the Anson was to have been named Jellicoe, but the name was changed in Feb. 1940 after H.M.S. Duke of York had assumed her present name instead of Anson. At the same time the Howe was given that name in place of Beatty, the one first assigned to her.

Ansons of Bygone Days

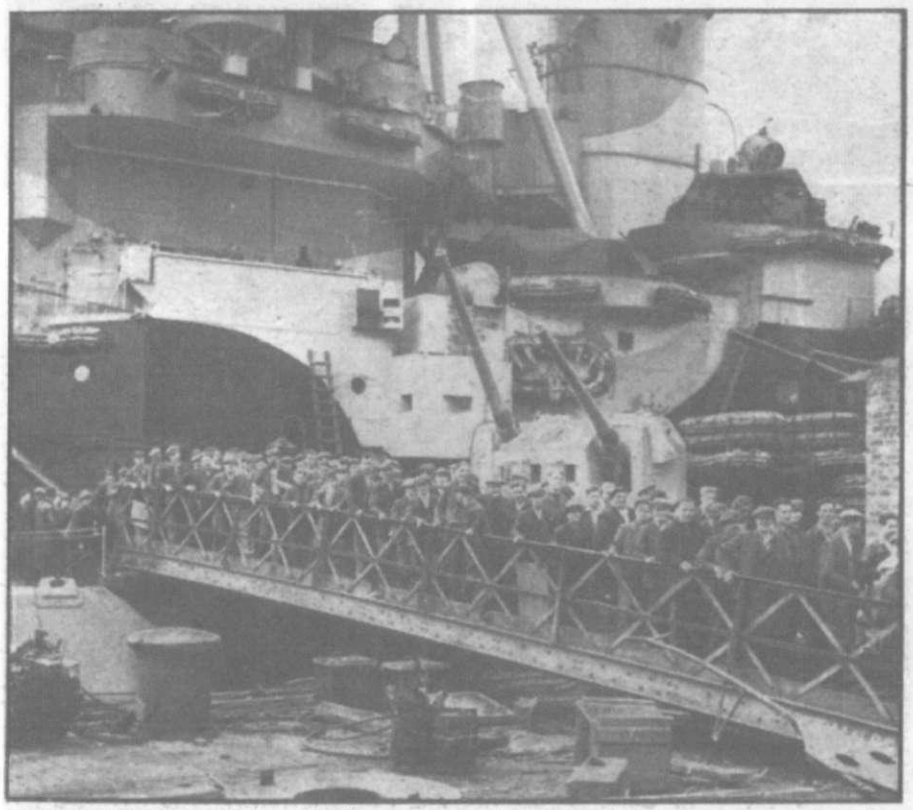
Both names have considerable history behind them. The first Anson was launched at Bursledon, Hants, in 1747, a 60-gun ship. The second was a 95-ton cutter, and the third a 64-gun ship which fought under Rodney at the Battle of the Saints in 1782. Reduced to a frigate in 1794, she served with credit during the next dozen years, including the action in which a French squadron was destroyed by Sir John Warren off Tory Island in 1798. She was wrecked in Mounts Bay in 1807.

Another Anson, of 74 guns, was launched in 1812 and lasted until 1851. She was succeeded by a steam 90-gun ship launched at Woolwich in 1860, which was later renamed Algiers. The sixth ship was a battleship of 10,600 tons, launched at Pembroke in 1886; she was sold for scrap in 1909.

All these ships were named in commemoration of the services of the old sea-dog Admiral of the Fleet George, Lord Anson (1697-1762), who, as a commodore in the Centurion, took a squadron into the Pacific to attack Spanish possessions there. With indomitable resolution he carried through this enterprise in the face of great misfortunes, which involved the loss of all his ships but the one named above. After harrying the Spaniards in South America, he captured the Acapulco galleon, full of treasure, and returned by way of the Indian Ocean and Cape of Good Hope, having circumnavigated the world. He later defeated the French at the Battle of Finisterre, and for the last dozen years of his life was First Lord of the Admiralty.

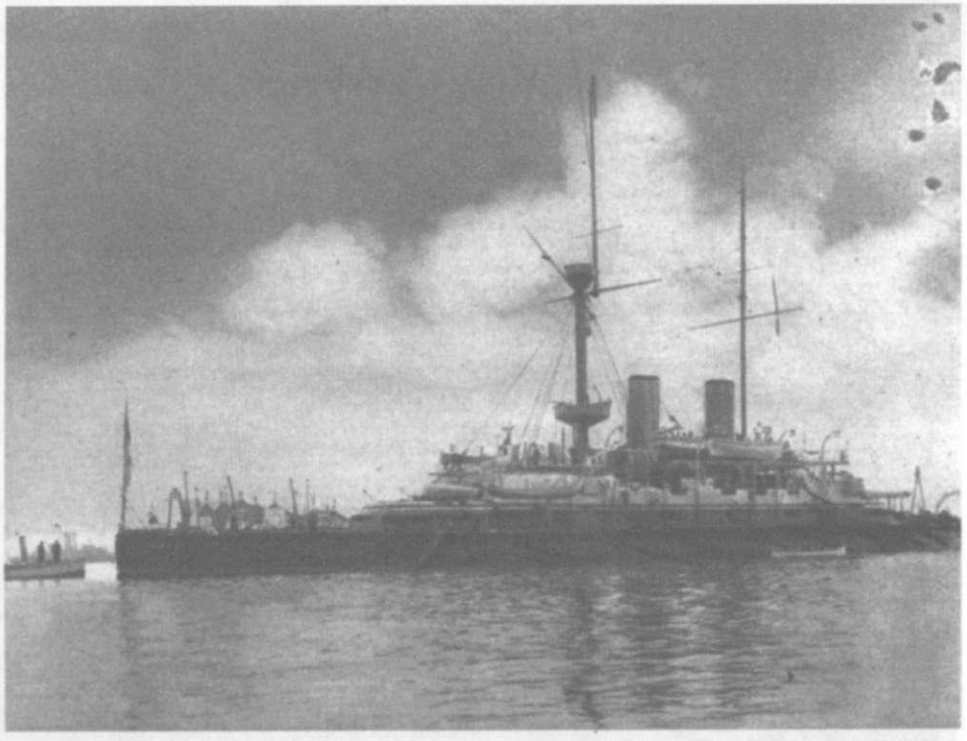
Admiral of the Fleet Richard, Earl Howe (1726-99), affectionately known as " Black Dick," gave his name to three ships previous to the present one. These were launched in 1815, 1860 and 1885 respectively, the third being a sister ship of the sixth Anson. It was Howe who won the victory over the French on " the Glorious First of June " in 1794.

In the Royal Navy tradition counts for more than in any other Service, and names such as these do much to perpetuate it.



MEN WHO BUILT H.M.S. HOWE are seen leaving the battleship on her completion. As recounted in this page, the Howe and her sister ship, the Anson, both belonging to the King George V class, are two of Britain's latest and most powerful warships.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright



Since 1747 the fame of the old seadog Admiral Lord Anson, whose portrait by Reynolds is on the left, has been kept gree by a succession of ships bearing his name. Above is the sixth H.M.S. Anson, a battleship of 10,600 tons, launched in 1886

Photos, British Official; Ritchgitz Studios. Badge by permission of H.M.S.O.

Anson: Latest of a Glorious Line

Laid down in July 1937, the seventh H.M.S. Anson was built by Swan Hunter on the Tyne; the news that she was at sea with the Fleet was released on Trafalgar Day 1942. She is what is called a "Chatham ship," but included in her complement are men from all parts of the world. Circle, her commanding officer, Captain H. R. G. Kinahan, C.B.E., R.N.

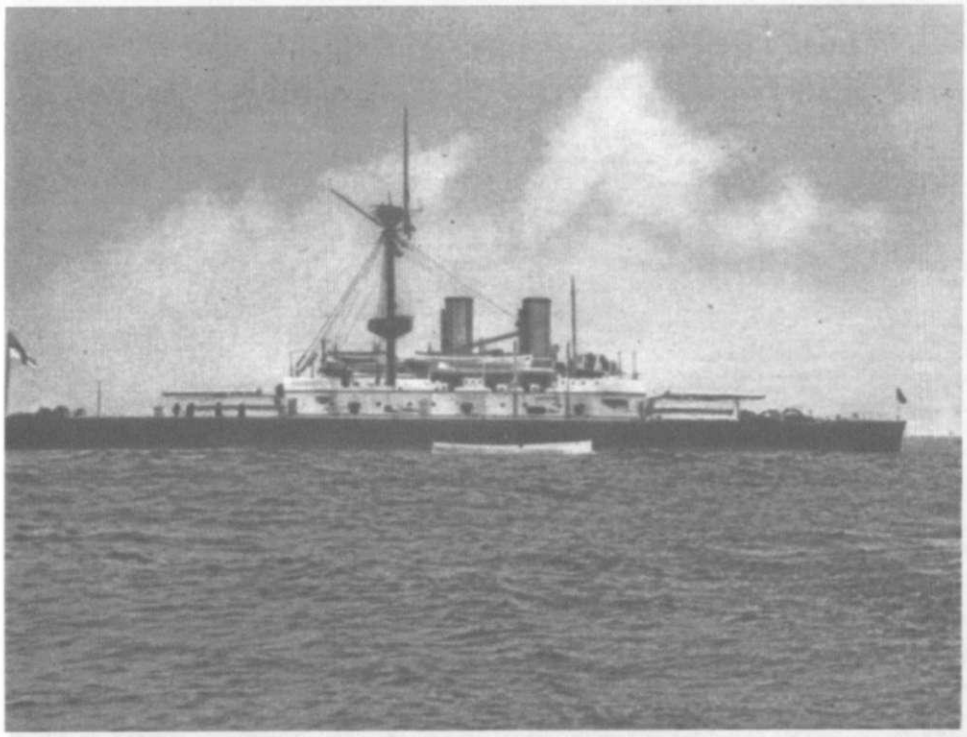
The Incomparable Air Photograph of the War!

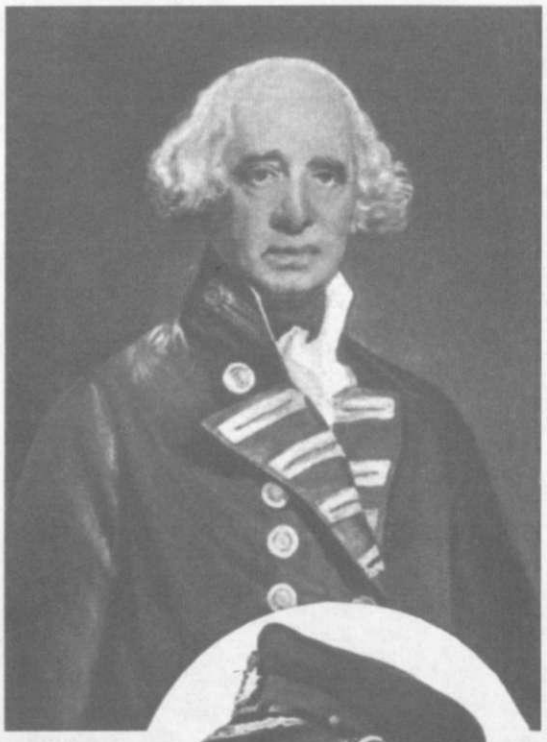
One Saturday afternoon in October, 94 R.A.F. Lancasters set out to bomb the Schneider armament works at Le Creusot, 170 miles south-east of Paris. In this photograph—one which merits, if ever photograph did, the adjective "unique"—taken from one of the Lancasters engaged, 47 of the raiding force may be counted as they roar over the pleasant little town of Montrichard, on the Cher, a tributary of the Loire, less than thirty minutes' flying time from their target.

Photo, Brit. Official; Crown Copyright

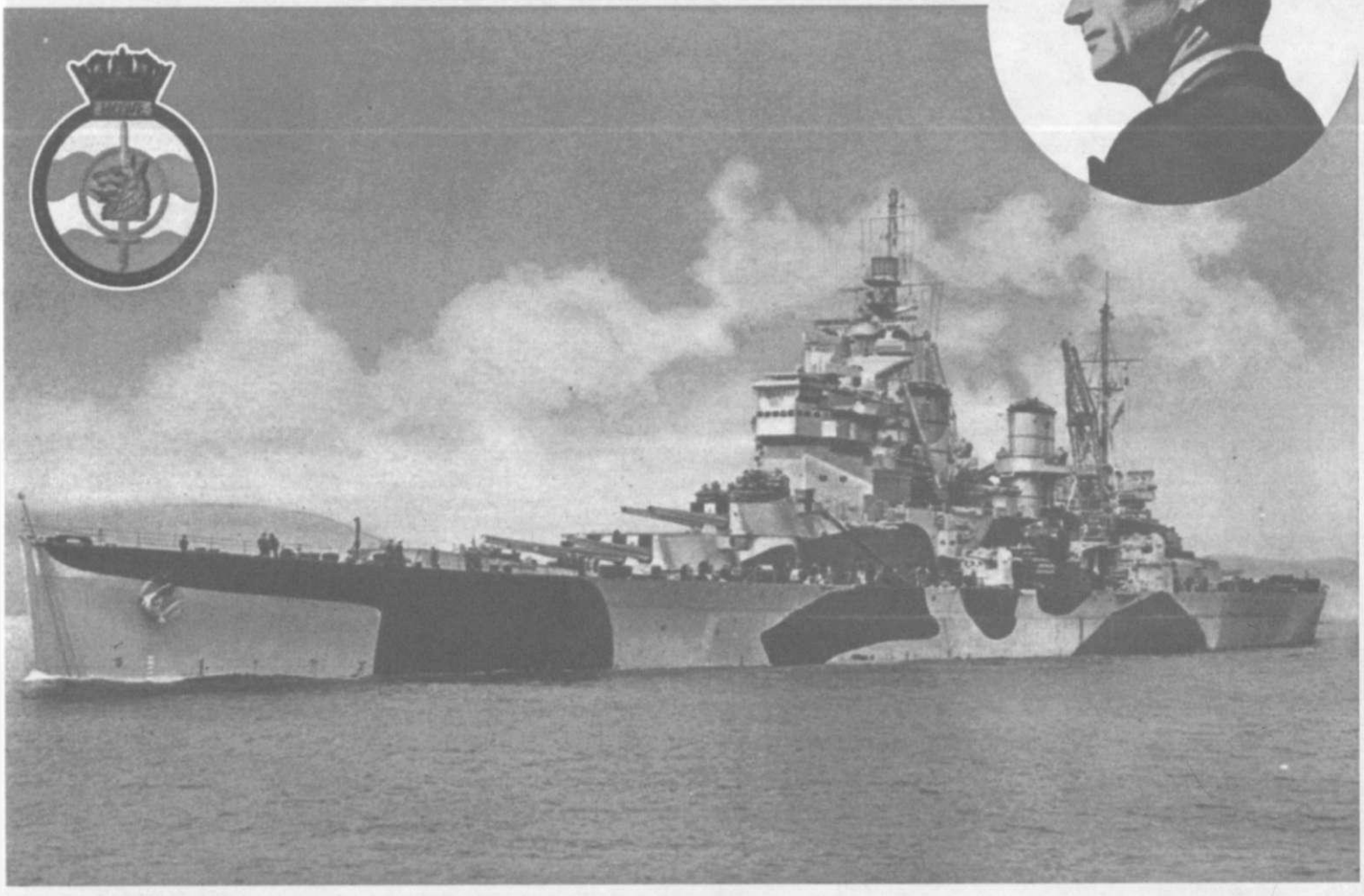
Lancasters Carrying Destruction to Le Creusot

At 6.9 p.m. they were due over Le Creusot. At 6.9 the first of them arrived, and at intervals of 4½ seconds one after another of the giant aircraft went in to bomb. Never in daylight had such a raid been attempted before; rarely has a raid been so successful. In seven minutes one of the world's greatest armament works, one of Hitler's most vital war factories, was a blazing ruin (*see* photo in page 375). Only one of the 94 aircraft taking part in the raid failed to return.





Like the Anson, H.M.S. Howe commemorates a famous sea captain of the past—Admiral Earl Howe; his portrait by Copley is on the right. The first Howe was launched in 1815; above is No. 3, a sister-ship of the 6th Anson, launched in 1885.



Howe: Inheritor of a Grand Tradition

Photos, British Official; Rischgitz Studios. Badge by permission of H.M.S.O.

A month before her sister ship the Anson, H.M.S. Howe was laid down in the yards of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. on the Clyde; it is now revealed she is actually in commission. Circle, her commanding officer, Captain G. H. L. Woodhouse, C.B., R.N., who commanded the Ajax at the Battle of the River Plate in December 1939.

Churchill Reveals Secrets of the Battle of Egypt

When the House of Commons assembled on Nov. 11 for a new session Mr. Churchill delivered a review of the dramatic changes which had so recently transformed the whole aspect of the war. He spoke of Russia and North Africa, of France and the Second Front, but for the most part his inspiring utterance was devoted to an account of the great victory in Egypt. From this portion of his speech the following most impressive passages are extracted.

I HAVE to tell the House about the great battle of Egypt, a British victory of the first order. There are three points which must be duly examined in matters of this magnitude and violence—first, the time required for preparation; secondly, the need of combination and concert; and thirdly, the importance of surprise.

Taking the question of the time, it is not generally realized how much time these great operations take to mount. For instance, the British divisions which have reinforced the Eighth Army for this battle left England in May or early June. Most of the 6-pounders we are now and have been using in so many hundreds were dispatched before the fall of Tobruk. This also applies to the more heavily armoured British tanks and the more heavily gunned British tanks.

As for the American tanks, the admirable Shermans, they came to us in the following way: On the dark day when that news of the fall of Tobruk came in I was with President Roosevelt in his room at the White House. Nothing could have exceeded the delicacy and kindness of our American friends and allies. They had no thought but to help. The President took a large number of their very best tanks, the Sherman tanks, back from the troops to whom they had just been given. They were placed on board ship in the early days of July and they sailed direct to Suez under American escort. The President also sent us a large number of self-propelled 105mm. guns which are most useful weapons for contending with the 88mm. high-velocity guns of which the Germans have made so much use. One ship in this precious convoy was sunk by a U-boat, but immediately, without being asked, the United States replaced it with another ship carrying an equal number of these weapons. All these tanks and high-velocity guns played a recognizable part, indeed an important part, in General Alexander's battle . . .

Thus you will see that the decision taken by the President on June 20 took four months to be operative, although the utmost energy and speed were used at each stage.

Records were broken at every point in the unloading and fitting up of the weapons and in their issue to the troops, but it was indispensable that the men should also have reasonable training in handling them.

We recreated and revivified our war-battered Army, we placed a new army at its side, and rearmed it on a gigantic scale. By these means we repaired the disaster which fell upon us and converted the defence of Egypt into a successful attack . . .

Another important point to remember is the need of combining and concerting the operations of the various allies and making them fit together into a general design, and to do this in spite of all the hard accidents of war and the incalculable interruptions of the enemy.

I can now read to the House the actual directive which I gave to General Alexander on August 10 before leaving Cairo for Russia. It has at least the merit of brevity:—

1. Your paramount and main duty will be to attack or destroy at the earliest opportunity the German-Italian army commanded by Field-Marshal Rommel, together with all its supplies and establishments in Egypt and Libya.

2. You will discharge, or cause to be discharged, such other duties as appertain to your command without prejudice to the task described in paragraph 1, which must be considered paramount in his Majesty's interest.

I think that the General may very soon be sending along for further instructions.

General Alexander and General Montgomery set up their headquarters in the desert, and Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, who commands the air forces in the battle there, was in the same little circle of lorries, wagons, and tanks in which they lived. In a very short time an electrifying effect was produced upon the troops, who were also reinforced by every available man and weapon.

Our attack had to fit in harmoniously with the great operation in French North Africa, to which it was a prelude. We had to wait till our troops were trained in the use of the new weapons which were arriving and we had to have a full moon on account of the method of attack. All these conditions were satisfiable around Oct. 23.

When I spent a night on August 19 with Generals Alexander and Montgomery in their desert headquarters, General Montgomery, with General Alexander's full assent, expounded in exact detail the first stages of the plan which has since been carried out.

It was an anxious matter. In the last war we devised the tank to clear a way for the infantry, who were otherwise held up by the intensity of machine-gun fire. On this occasion it was the infantry who would have to clear the way for the tanks to break through and liberate the superior armour. This they could only do in the moonlight, and for this they must be supported with a concentration of artillery more powerful than any used in the present war. On a six-mile front of attack we had a 25-pounder gun or better every 23 yards.

It was necessary to effect a penetration of about 6,000 yards at the first stroke in order to get through the hostile minefields, trenches, and batteries . . .

For the purposes of turning to full account the breach when made, an entirely new corps, the 10th, was formed, consisting of two British armoured divisions and a New Zealand division—that "ball of fire," as it was described to me by those who had seen it at work. This very powerful force of between 40,000 and 50,000 men, including all the best tanks—the Grants and the Shermans—was withdrawn from the battle front immediately after Rommel's repulse in the second battle of Alamein, and it devoted itself entirely to intensive training exercises and preparation. It was this thunderbolt, hurled through the gap, which finished Rommel and his arrogant army.

The success of all these plans could not have been achieved without substantial superiority in the air . . . In Air Marshal Tedder and Air Vice-Marshal Coningham we have two air leaders of the very highest quality, not technicians, but warriors who have worked in perfect harmony with the generals.

It is impossible to give a final estimate of the enemy's casualties. General Alexander's present estimate is that 59,000 Germans and Italians have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; of these 34,000 are Germans, and 25,000 Italians. Of course, there are many more Italians, who may be wandering about in the desert and every effort is being made to bring them in. The enemy also lost irretrievably about 550 tanks and not less than 1,000 guns.

Our losses, though severe and painful, have not been unexpectedly high, having regard to the task our troops were called upon to face. They amount to 13,600 officers and men. They were spread over the whole army. Fifty-eight per cent of them are British troops from the United Kingdom, with a much larger proportion of officers.

The speed of advance of our pursuing troops exceeds anything yet seen in the several ebbs and flows of the Libyan battlefield. Egypt is now clear of the enemy, we are advancing into Cyrenaica . . . The battle of Egypt must be regarded as an historic British victory, and in order to celebrate it directions are being given to ring the bells throughout the land next Sunday morning, and I should think many who listen to their peals will have thankful hearts.

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S NAVY. The life of Admiral W. S. Sims and his great work for the U.S. Navy have just been made the subject of a new book in America. He is seen in this historic photo with Mr. F. D. Roosevelt, the latter then Assistant Naval Secretary. Admiral Sims stated in a London speech at the end of the last War that "without the British Navy not a single U.S. regiment could have set foot in Europe." Mr. Roosevelt and his brilliant naval and military leaders of today are equally ready to recognize that without the magnificent support of the British Navy America's splendid cooperation in Egypt and North Africa would not have been possible. Our Navy remains the pivot of all successful operations in the Mediterranean—and elsewhere. *Photo, Topical Press*

Across Africa the Allies Have a Highway

When our convoys to the Middle East were forced to take the long route round the Cape instead of through the Mediterranean, the value of the Free French colonies in Equatorial Africa was realized as never before. In this article—a companion study to that on West Africa in page 326—we give an account of the recent development of this vast and vital area.

Some sixty years ago a French explorer, Count Savorgnan de Brazza, then engaged in staking out a claim for France in the vast unexplored territory of the Congo basin, reached the great river at Stanley Pool and founded a settlement which in due course received the name of Brazzaville. For a long time the place was nothing more than a small colonial station, but of late the imperative needs of war have developed it into a large and flourishing township.

Today Brazzaville is indeed the centre of the Free—or, more correctly, the Fighting—French Empire in Equatorial Africa. It is the seat of Governor-General Eboué, the famous negro from the French West Indies who by sheer native merit secured the position of Governor of the Chad, whence he was transferred in 1940 by General de Gaulle to become Governor-General of the whole of French Equatorial Africa. Here, too, is the station of Radio Brazzaville, most important of the propagandist agencies of the Fighting French movement; every day it sends out fifteen news programmes in all the leading languages of the world, and its broadcasts can be picked up in England, America and, even more important, in France. Just outside the town is Camp d'Ornano, the "St. Cyr of Fighting France," where officers are trained for General de Gaulle's army. For the rest, Brazzaville has its administrative buildings, a variety of schools, a hospital and Pasteur Institute, and a few factories engaged in producing equipment and supplies for the French troops.

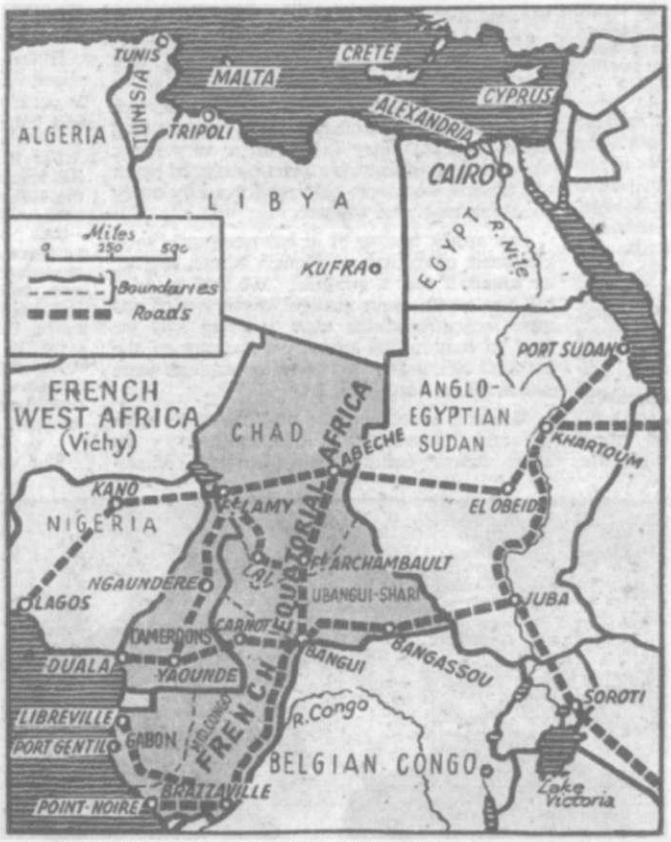
An English girl who has worked there recently described Brazzaville in La Lettre de la France Combattante:

She sketches the market-place as a "flowing colour pattern flashed on a screen," where are to be seen Hausa merchants, in long robes and picturesque head-dresses, carrying bundles of wares wrapped in a sheet slung over their shoulders. "They will sit cross-legged on the floor and spread out for your inspection a fascinating array of snake, leopard and antelope skins; multi-coloured leather and aigrette-feather cushions, ivory elephants, crocodiles, birds, quaint wooden figures, knives and spears, and every conceivable variety of leather goods. In the village school," she goes on, "the native children, the merriest in the world, are yelling a French recitation at the top of their voices . . . Down by the river a group of negroes are loading cotton on to the boats . . . A motor-bicycle ridden by a smartly dressed negro in a khaki sun-helmet comes rattling by, on the pillion a plump negress in gaudy colours . . . At the Commissariat of Police opposite the 'Mairie,' black policemen are discussing the war, and groups of young soldiers are talking wistfully of France . . ."

Opposite Brazzaville, on the eastern bank of the Congo, is Leopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo and the commercial centre, where rubber and tin and other native products are treated and shipped on the way to being added to the resources of the United Nations. The whole of this vast area, French and Belgian, has an economic wealth beyond all measurement, but it is even more important as a corridor of communications, since across it runs a land, air and water highway from the Atlantic to the Sudan, East Africa and Egypt and thence to the whole of the Middle and the Far East.

Even before the war the French in Equatorial Africa were busily building roads through the largely trackless jungle, but since 1940 the work has been greatly intensified. As will be seen from the map, great roads now link the ports in the Gulf of Guinea, Lagos, Duala, Pointe Noire, and the rest, with the valley of the Nile, the Red Sea and East Africa.

Through these ports, over these roads, vast quantities of supplies and large numbers of men have been transported during the last year or so to the British armies in Egypt, the Fighting French in Libya, and the bloc of states controlled by the United Nations between the Mediterranean and the Bay of Bengal. Not only is the road shorter—it represents a saving of some 7,000 miles over the sea route round the Cape—but it represents a great saving in time (perhaps as much as three or four months), it economizes shipping, and also, of course, it is far less dangerous since it runs not only where no U-boats can penetrate, but also far from the nearest Axis air bases.



HIGHWAYS ACROSS CENTRAL AFRICA, marked on this map by black dotted lines, have opened up hitherto inaccessible regions and offer limitless possibilities to the United Nations in their fight against the Axis. This is not the least of the contributions made by the Fighting French to the common cause. *By courtesy of The Evening Standard*

But this corridor across Africa is not only a road-link: it is also an air route—indeed, it was as such it was developed immediately after the fall of France. It was a tremendous enterprise, establishing aerodromes and emergency landing-grounds in the jungle and bush and desert of Central Africa, but with the help of many thousands of native labourers the job was done, and done quickly. For more than two years now Allied pilots have braved the perilous journey, one of the most difficult and dangerous in the world. At the end of last month it was stated that more than a thousand aircraft had been flown to the Middle East over this West African route—Blenheims and Hurricanes, American Marylands and Tomahawks—with a loss of only two per cent on the way. They came in crates to the West African ports from Britain and America, were speedily assembled and then flown across Africa by British, American, and Polish pilots. (Most of the Poles, we are told, went down with malaria as soon as they arrived, but they quickly recovered, and in between their flights managed to find time to attend daily classes in English.) Each journey takes over twenty-four flying hours, excluding putting down at the various landing-grounds en route, where the aircraft are refuelled and the engines inspected. The fighters carry additional petrol tanks, as otherwise they could not make the long hops between the landing-grounds. At first only two or three convoys of aircraft made the trip each week, but latterly the convoys have been a daily occurrence.

Most of the pilots who inaugurated the system are now convoy leaders, and one of them recently gave this description of his job.

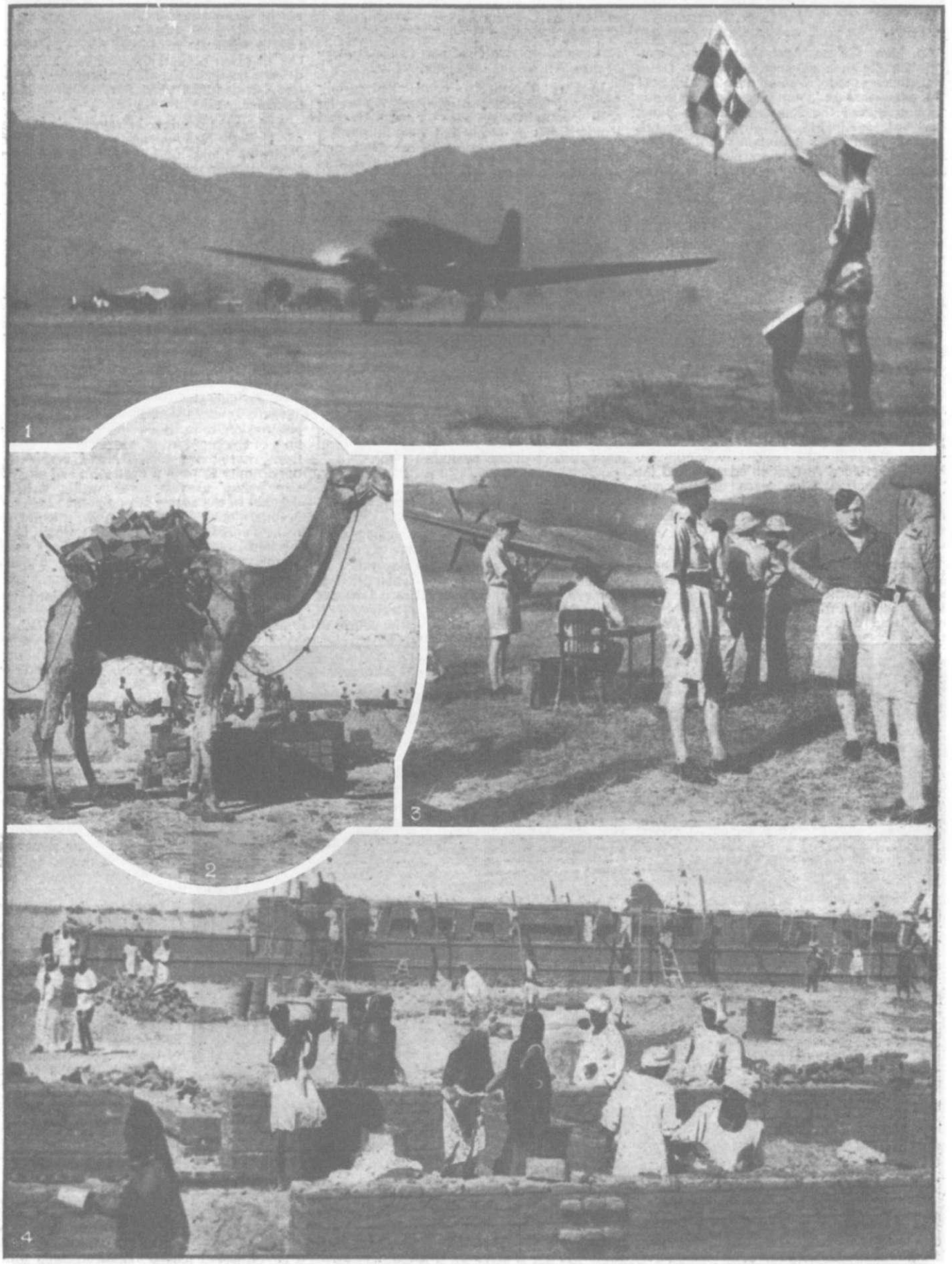
Everything is so easy and simple now, but it was very different two years ago. Then it was dangerous flying indeed. Now the meteorological service and improved landing-grounds have helped a lot, although sometimes a storm will suddenly spring up and make flying a real nightmare. There have been accidents naturally, and men have wandered for days in the jungle or in the desert before being picked up. Sometimes they have not been picked up. But there have been few aircraft which failed to arrive on schedule. As for the trip itself we have to cross a huge forest where it would be impossible to find a landing place should anything go wrong.

I remember that in the beginning we had to put up in native huts if we stayed for the night, and that was not a very pleasant experience. The landing-grounds, too, were pretty rough and primitive at one time, but they have been smoothed out. We also cross what is, I believe, one of the most interesting stretches of country in the world, crammed full of lions and other wild animals. But I prefer to stay in the air.

The most boring part of the trip is a stretch of more than two thousand miles over the Sudan and nothing but barren desert all the way except for two stopping-places. Once we get to Khartoum we reckon the trip as good as over, for after that it is a straight run up Egypt to our destination.

Not only convoys of bombers and fighters use this "reinforcement road" across Central Africa: on all days of the week aircraft carrying official and urgently-needed personnel or cargoes of valuable freight may touch on one or other of the aerodromes which British engineering skill and American muscle have created in the heart of what not long ago was "Darkest Africa." Once these regions were high on the list of those which possessed the reputation of being the white man's grave. Today they are no longer a grave, but a channel throbbing with the notes of victorious effort.

Over Jungle and Desert They've a Skyway Too



FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE NILE has been constructed one of the most important of Allied routes to the Middle East (see opposite). Along it passes an almost continuous stream of U.S. aircraft which have played a great part in the triumph in the Battle of the Western Desert. 1, Flagging in a transport at a U.S. base. 2, Laden with bricks, this camel assists in the construction of an airfield. 3, A clerk checks a list of United Nations' officers bound for the Middle East. 4, African natives work on the foundations of a building. *Photos, Associated Press*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

In New Guinea Australian troops, continuing their advance across the Owen Stanley mountains and pushing along the 55 miles that lie between Kokoda (already captured) and the Japanese base at Buna, received invaluable air support. In this difficult jungle and mountain country transport of special supplies by aircraft was an essential part of swift-moving action. Without air transport of supplies (dropped in special containers attached to parachutes where no landing-grounds are available) white troops would have found it difficult to maintain themselves, and either the advance would have slowed down, or the attacking force would have been reduced in strength by having to operate within the capacity of surface transport commissariat possibilities.

In this area of the global war American troops were landed by air transports in the Buna area, while reinforcements and heavy supplies were sent by ship. This is the first time that large numbers of United Nations troops have been conveyed by air transport to a fighting zone. Its success demonstrates the foresight of the Americans, who planned a large proportion of all their multi-engined military aircraft to be built as transport craft.

The combined Australian advance and the American air landing leave the Japanese holding only a coastal strip around Buna-Gona in the Papuan section of the great island of New Guinea.

The importance of this success against Japanese forces in the Far East is overshadowed by the triumphant outcome of the El Alamein battle in Egypt, but it must not be overlooked, for it indicates beyond doubt that possession of air superiority by the United Nations will play a chief part in the strategy of the offensive against Japan.

In Egypt the air has contributed magnificently to the success of Generals Alexander and Montgomery over Field-Marshal Rommel. It is clear that advocates of a triple service organization of sea, land, and air forces have been justified. The success of the battle of El Alamein could have been no greater if all the aircraft employed had been under the control of the War Office in army units (as many reactionaries wanted). Indeed, the success might have been less important, for the training for air war follows a technique different from that of sea or land war, even if it is subservient to the same general principles.

'Composite Pattern' in Egypt

It is the cooperation of all services—land, sea, and air—in one fighting force that finally counts. The prior organization and training of each service are a specialized procedure; in consequence, the command of each service in the zone of action should also be in the hands of a specialist acting under and in unity with the supreme strategic and tactical commanders of the combined force.

Success in Egypt sprang from this flexible but strong organization, and in the air, United Kingdom, American, South African and Australian units flew and fought in one composite pattern, denied Rommel petrol supplies for six weeks, knocked the Luftwaffe out of the sky, and with the cooperation of the air defences of Malta, the ground defences in Egypt, and paratroop and ground attacks (including one by the R.A.F. Regiment) on enemy-held aerodromes during the course of the battle, gave the German air force the severest blow it has sustained in any campaign.

The complete air superiority which has been wrested by the United Nations along the North African stretch of the Eastern Mediterranean has created a situation which must render Rommel powerless unless he can receive swift air reinforcements. These he can be given only at the cost of weakening defence positions elsewhere along the enormous German-held perimeter, which is now defensive.

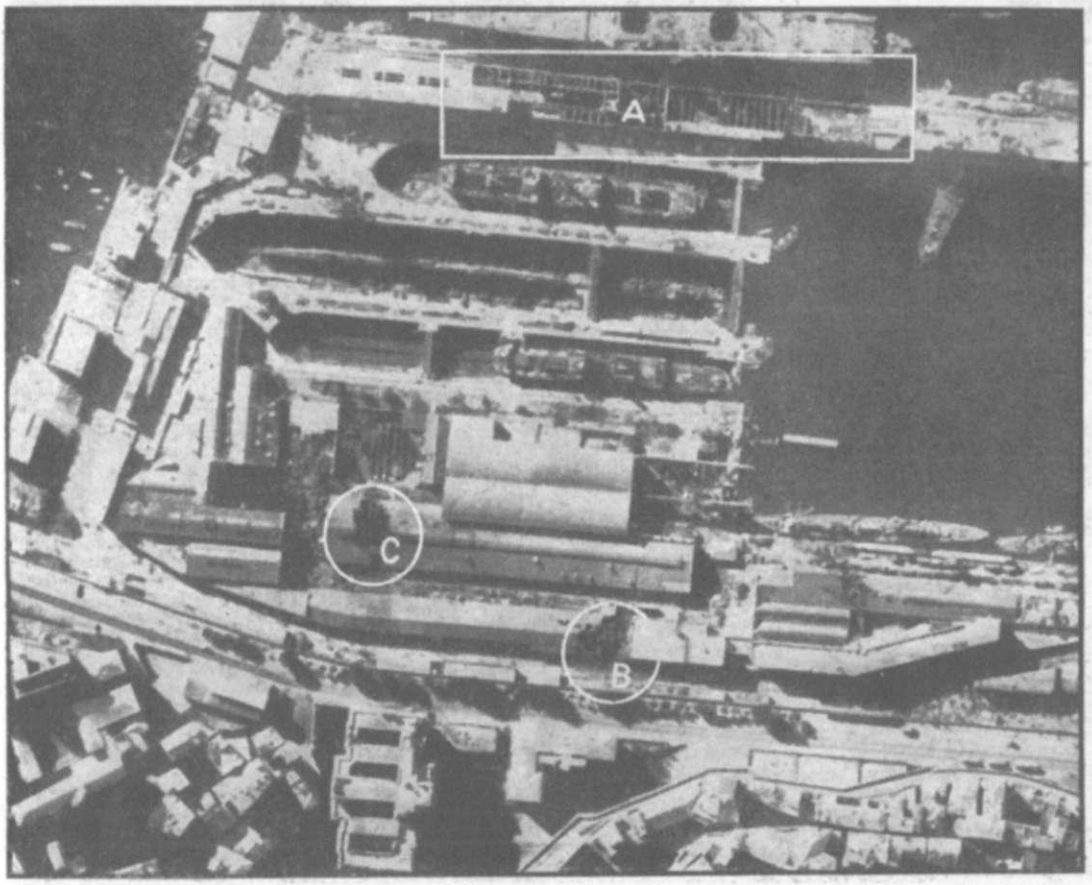
And by the continued strategic disposition of United Nations air power, German ability to attack must continually shrink to ever-narrower sectors of her perimeter.

United Nations landings in French North Africa from Algiers to Casablanca have a vital parallel significance. Initiated by sea and air power, their complete success would enable the land and air forces under General Eisenhower and those under General Alexander to secure complete control of the whole south Mediterranean coast (with the exception of Spanish Morocco) by effecting a junction in Tunisia after the defeat of Rommel.

Tunisia was not made an initial objective, presumably because it lies too close to the German-Italian air forces in Sicily, and too far from Gibraltar. Instead, the method of advance towards Tunisia is one of coastal progression towards an objective to secure lines of communication, obtain air protection from shore-based aircraft, and create the opportunity to push a protective and aggressive fighter aircraft force within striking distance of the enemy strong-point where the Mediterranean narrows. Any attempt to make Tunisia an initial objective would have exposed landing forces within a zone of local enemy air superiority from the Sicilian aerodromes.

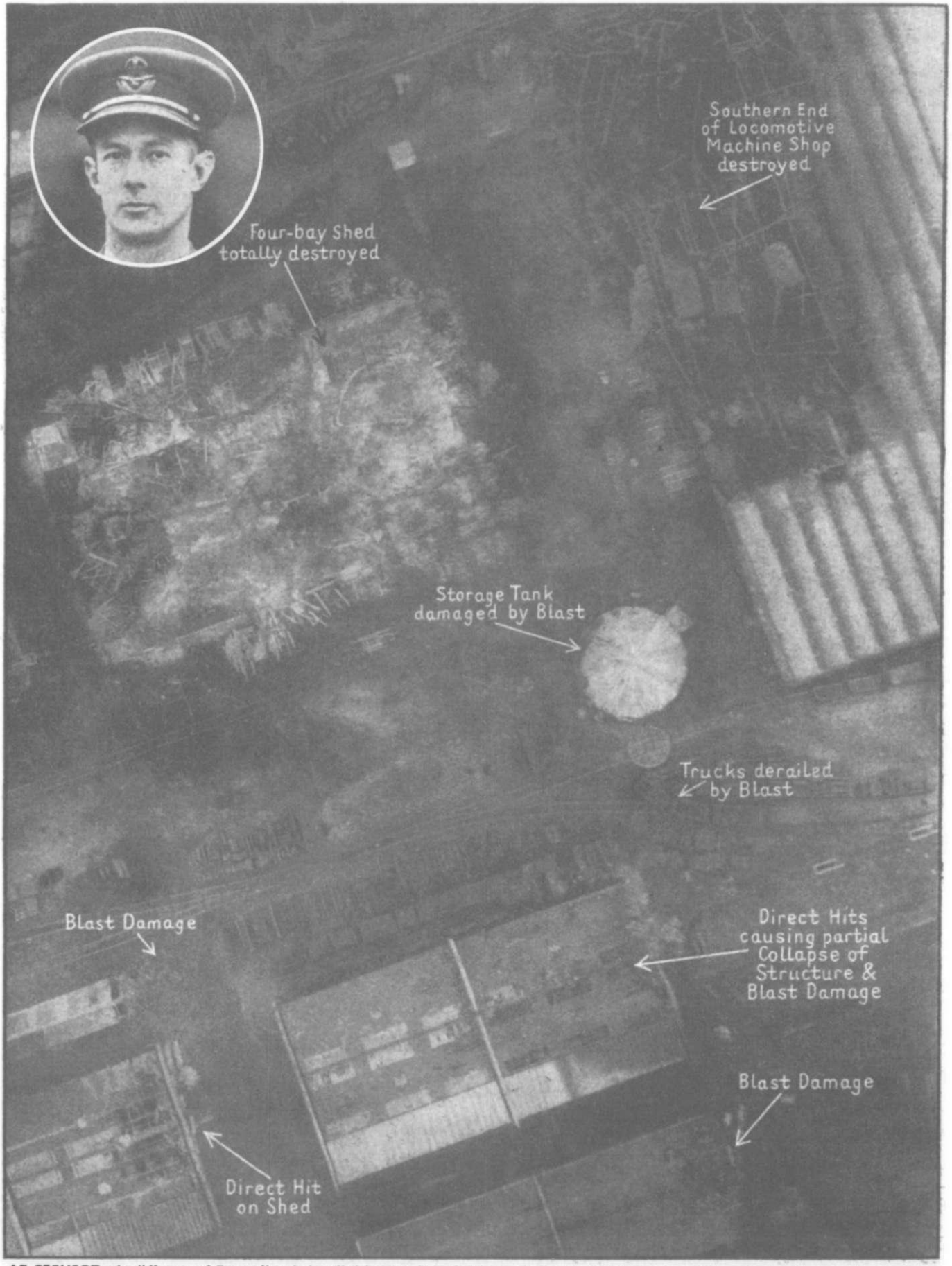
Possession of the aerodromes along the French North African coastal zone will provide air protection for United Nations shipping convoys through the Mediterranean, shorten the supply line running to the Middle East, Russia, and India, and will create an unbroken Allied air line from the Arctic Ocean through Archangel, in one great sweeping curve, via Iran, Iraq, Palestine and North Africa to the Atlantic, hemming in the Axis partners of the west, and forcing them to face the ever-growing air power of the nations ranged against them.

Unless the Japanese and the Germans can break through and effect a junction, the global strategy of the war may soon present a picture of two vast beleaguered areas of the world wherein the separated members of the Axis will be pinned. The duration of the struggle will then be dependent upon the two factors, of time for strangulation of the besieged enemy and of time required for organization of the United Nations' full air striking power (as a fractional part of which Bomber Command again attacked Genoa on the nights of November 6 and 7) to enable the final victory to be achieved with certainty and the minimum loss to the forces of the United Nations.



R.A.F. RAIDS ON GENOA during October and November 1942 caused great devastation in the dock area and in the centre of the city. This reconnaissance photo shows damage done in the Ansaldo fitting-out yards. A, long shed gutted over three-quarters of its length; B, damage caused by fire at west end of an important workshop; C, the roof of another which received a direct hit. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

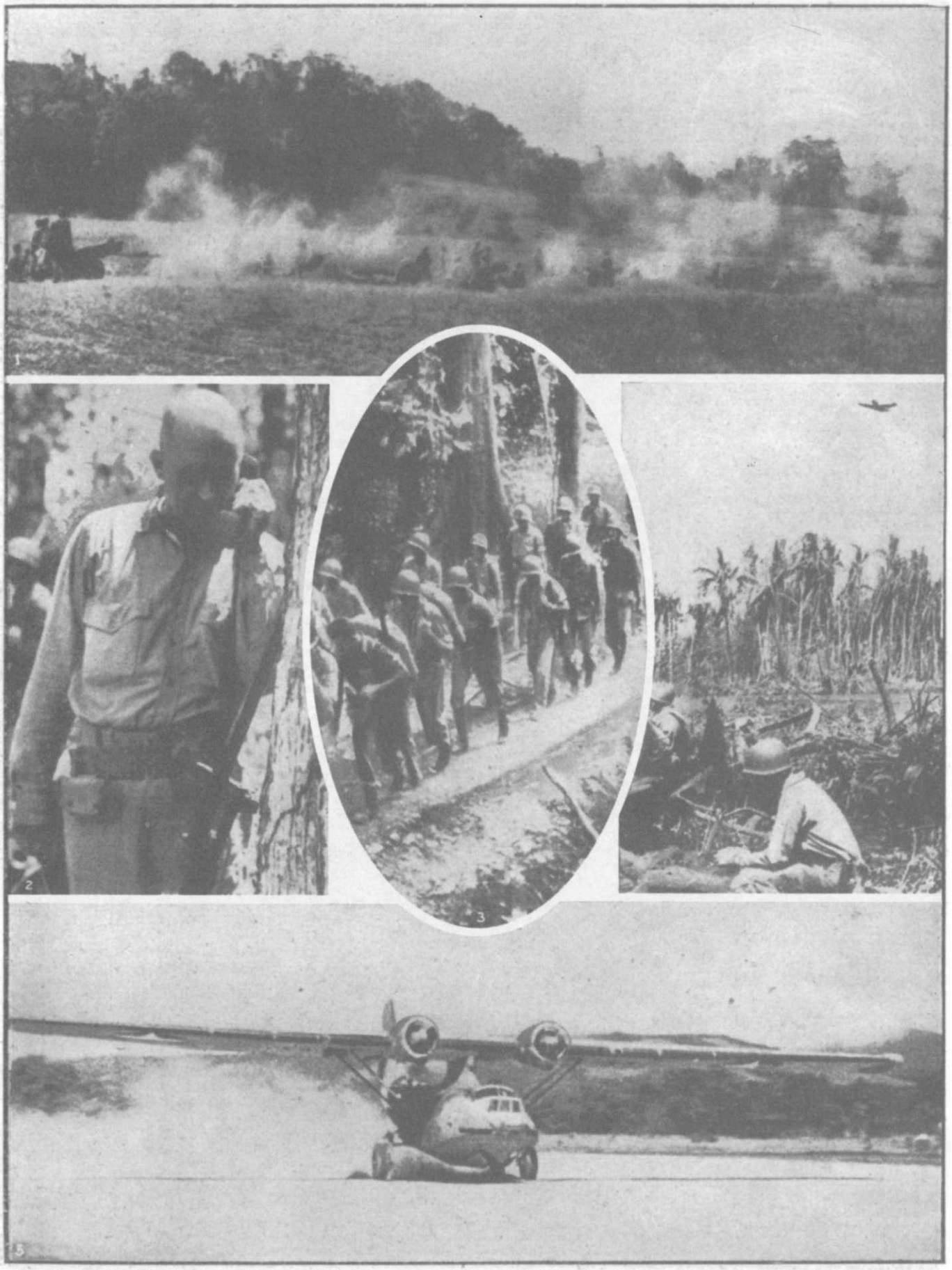
What the Lancasters Did to Le Creusot


Southern End of Locomotive Machine Shop destroyed
Four-bay Shed totally destroyed
Storage Tank damaged by Blast
Trucks derailed by Blast
Blast Damage
Direct Hits causing partial Collapse of Structure & Blast Damage
Blast Damage
Direct Hit on Shed

LE CREUSOT—the "Krupps of France," as it is called because it is the home of the vast Schneider armament works—is situated 170 miles S.E. of Paris. On Oct. 17, 1942, it was attacked by 94 Lancaster bombers (see photograph in pages 368-69), and although they were over the target for only seven minutes many tons of bombs were dropped with devastating effect. This reconnaissance after-the-raid photo shows a general view of the destruction at the Processing Works. Wing-Cmdr. L. C. Slee (inset) led the Lancasters, and on Oct. 31 it was announced that he had been awarded the D.S.O.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright, News Chronicle

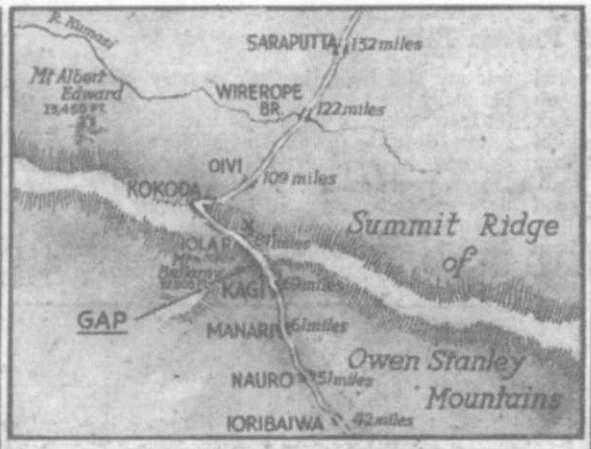
Fierce Is the Struggle for Guadalcanal

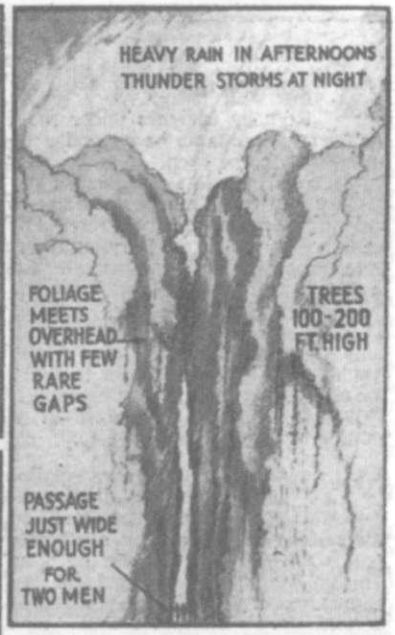


IN THE SOLOMONS fighting developed fiercely during October and November, 1942, when the Japanese strove hard to land reinforcements on the island of Guadalcanal. 1, U.S. howitzer battery blazes at enemy positions on the Matanikou River. 2, Maj.-Gen. A. A. Vandergrift, commander of U.S. Marines, directs operations. 3, American troops move up through the jungle. 4, Marines crouch in a jungle nest, while overhead roars a U.S. Navy scout plane. 5, U.S. amphibian patrol bomber lands on Lunga airfield.

Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Associated Press

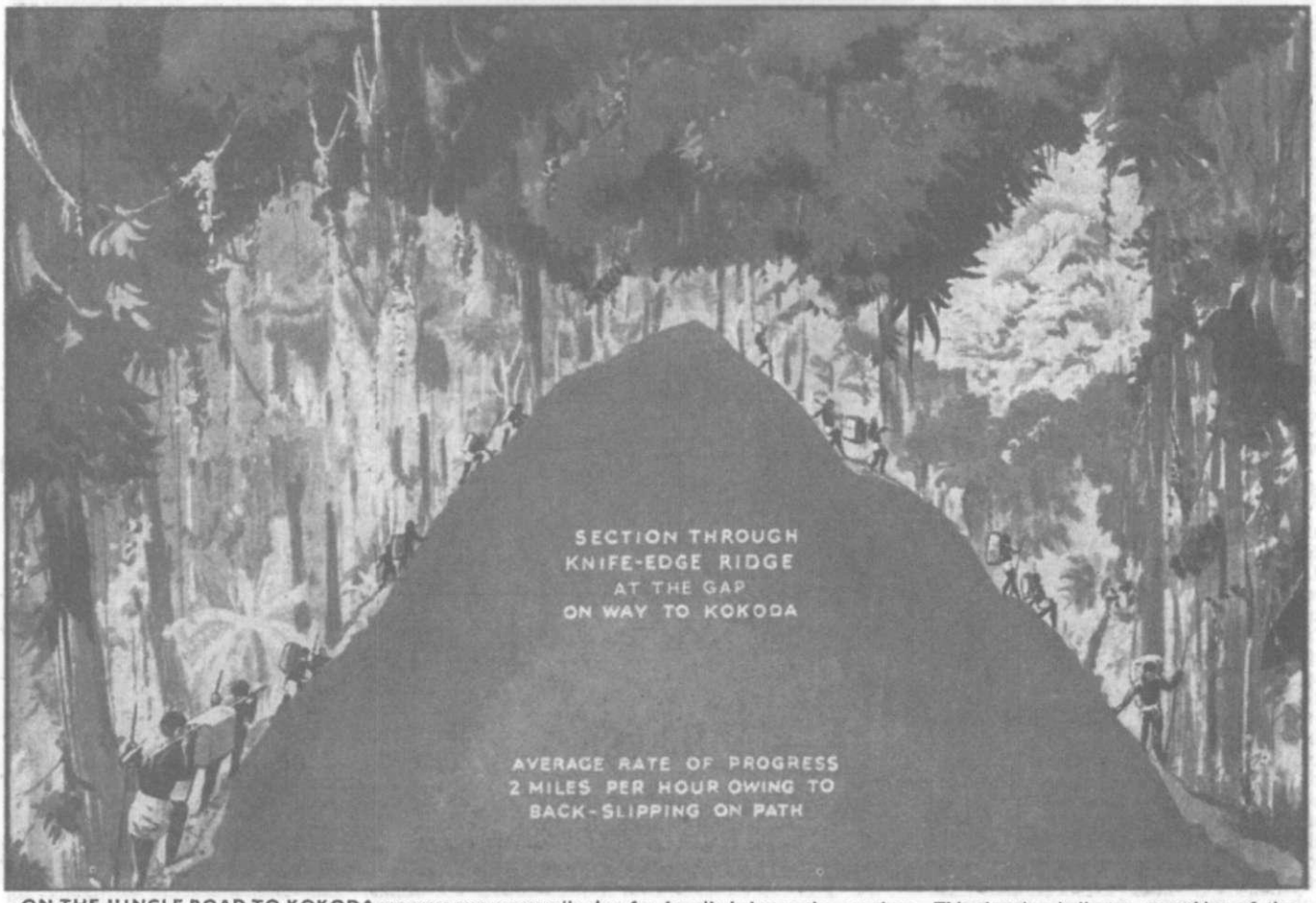
In New Guinea the Allies Stormed Kokoda




HEAVY RAIN IN AFTERNOONS THUNDER STORMS AT NIGHT
FOLIAGE MEETS OVERHEAD WITH FEW RARE GAPS
TREES 100-200 FT. HIGH
PASSAGE JUST WIDE ENOUGH FOR TWO MEN

THREE months' heavy fighting by the Allied forces against the Japanese in New Guinea culminated in the recapture of Kokoda on Nov. 2, 1942. The Allies (largely Australian infantry, supported by Australian and U.S. aircraft) forced their way to the summit of the Owen Stanley Range. The drawing above shows a typical narrow path constructed of matted roots through the jungle. Map (top centre) shows the Kokoda section of the Port Moresby-Buna road. The mileage figures refer to the distances from Port Moresby.

NEW GUINEA roads are seldom wide enough for more than two men to walk side by side. Tracks run steeply either up or down hill, and the most difficult rivers are bridged with tree-trunks. As the Allies approached the Kokoda Gap they encountered primitive trails, of which the above drawing shows a cross section through the jungle. The trees rise 100 to 200 ft. on both sides and the foliage meets overhead. Wherever possible horses are used to transport supplies to outlying districts, and on the left Australians are seen loading up.


SECTION THROUGH KNIFE-EDGE RIDGE AT THE GAP ON WAY TO KOKODA
AVERAGE RATE OF PROGRESS 2 MILES PER HOUR OWING TO BACK-SLIPPING ON PATH

ON THE JUNGLE ROAD TO KOKODA progress was necessarily slow for heavily-laden native carriers. This drawing indicates something of the difficulties encountered in crossing the gap in the Owen Stanley Mountains (see map above). Supplies are divided into loads, each sack or box weighing from 60 to 80 lb. carried on the back or suspended on poles. On Nov. 10 the Japanese rearguard at Oivi was outflanked by the Australians.

Drawings by courtesy of The Sphere; photo, Sport & General

THE HOME FRONT

by E Royston Pike

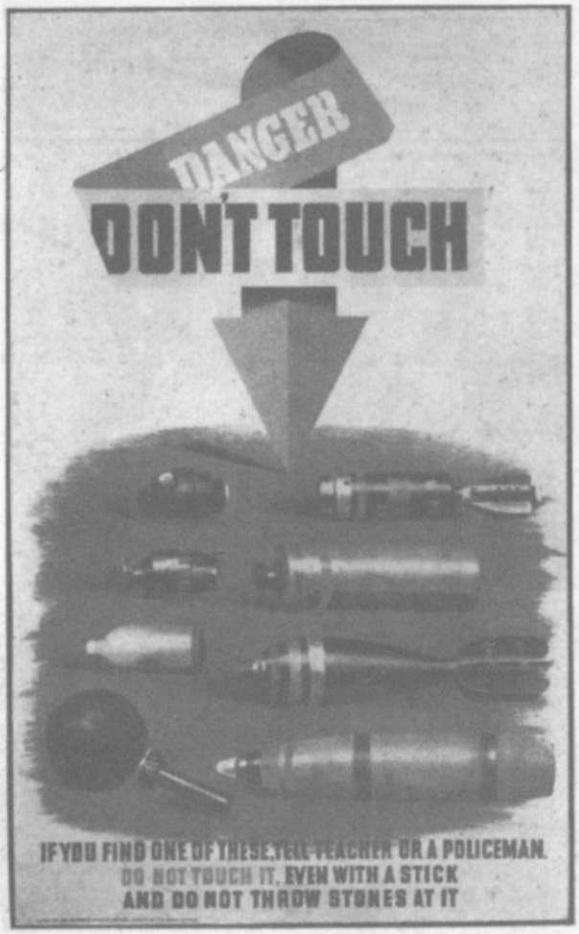
At the time when France fell a hundred thousand sheep were grazing on Romney Marshes under the eye of the enemy, a valuable booty and a dreadful nuisance. In the event of an invasion they would have been like refugees on the road. So they had to be moved *en masse* by road and rail. And moved they were. For nineteen days a thousand lorry-loads of sheep were taken off and distributed over England, in double-decker trucks, the lambs on the top storey and the ewes beneath. There were only six casualties. So runs the story, one of many such, contained in Transport Goes to War: the Official Story of British Transport, 1939-1942, recently published at a shilling by the Stationery Office.

Only now are we beginning to realize the tremendous burden of dangerous responsibility that was so successfully shouldered by our transport workers in the months of blitz. Things which we only guessed at, happenings of which we may have had some slight observation, are only now being brought into the full light of day. Somehow or other the trains went through, the lorries and the buses, the barges on the canals. Brave deeds were two-a-penny, heroes (and heroines) "did their stuff" and went to work the next morning, just as they have done every morning since.

Through the murk of those dreadful nights we catch a glimpse of the train which for twelve miles was pursued by a flare falling low in the sky. "It seemed to be following us. I put on speed to get away from it, but it kept on following. I reckon it was the suction of the train drawing it after us. I was glad to see the last of it." We see the lorry driver on "Coventry's evil night" who, refusing to follow an infuriating 80-mile diversion down country lanes, gave the "toadstools" (Toadstool = what crops up suddenly in the night = policeman) the slip and drove through the city as it burned. We meet the station-master of a big London terminus who, when a time-bomb dropped on the bridge over the lines, was told that the station would have to close. "But we have cleared one line," I told them, "let me run one train. Let me run that little local over the bridge." "You can't do that," they said. "Yes, I could. I'd like to. To keep the station open" He argued and argued with them, until at last they said, "All right. You can run a short one if you like." "And," says the station-master with a touch of mischief and pride, "we did. We can say now that we didn't close down on April 17. We ran a short one."

One of the biggest jobs carried out by the transport services was the evacuation of the early days of Sept., 1939, when 607,000 people were taken into the country by London Transport alone. In August 1940, when the Battle of Britain began and everyone was telephoning to their relatives, the "2nd book of Exodus" was started. Not such a fat book as the first, but 127,000 people were moved out of London, and many other towns could tell a similar tale. In Bootle, for instance, a town of dockers which had been badly raided, the officials got a large number of people out at a few hours' notice. The telephones had gone, so instructions were sent out by lorry. The order to evacuate was not given until 4 p.m., but by 11 o'clock that same night the people had been taken away. The men who did this work were mainly dockers who had to be back on the job in the morning. And back they were . . .

Thousands of children—mothers, too—who were evacuated in those early days of the war are still living in their country billets, but many more have returned to their homes (at least, those of them who have homes to return to) in the towns. In London so many children have returned indeed that the Government decided that no more children were to be evacuated after Nov. 10, 1942. At the end of September there were still 225,000 London children in reception areas, but during the past eighteen months, although 800 a week have been sent on an average to the reception areas from London, some 2,000 have returned. For the past three months only about 50 children a week have been sent out of town, and the Ministry of Health has decided that, in view of the tremendous amount of work involved in organizing these small parties, it is not justified, quite apart from increasing difficulty in finding billets.


DANGER
DON'T TOUCH
IF YOU FIND ONE OF THESE, TELL TEACHER OR A POLICEMAN.
DO NOT TOUCH IT, EVEN WITH A STICK
AND DO NOT THROW STONES AT IT

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED! This poster, designed in bright colours, has been officially distributed for display in schools and elsewhere. By its means it is hoped to diminish the number of casualties in rural areas due to the chance discovery of unexploded bombs, grenades, and shells.

The decision has not come as a surprise, since there have been many complaints of children (or their parents) who simply make a convenience of the country folk. There have been cases of children who have been evacuated, come back to London, and have then been re-evacuated six or seven times.

Whilst still on the subject of transport, we can record the decision of the Ministry of War Transport to bring under its control long-distance road transport as a wartime measure. One of the principal objectives of the new plan is, of course, by cutting out unnecessary journeys to save oil and tires.

And, talking of tires, at the end of October the Ministry of Supply issued a statement requiring owners of "any laid-up vehicle with rubber tires which is unlicensed, or for which no fuel allowance has been granted for any period after Oct. 1942" to complete form T.C.1. giving particulars of the vehicle and more particularly of its tires.

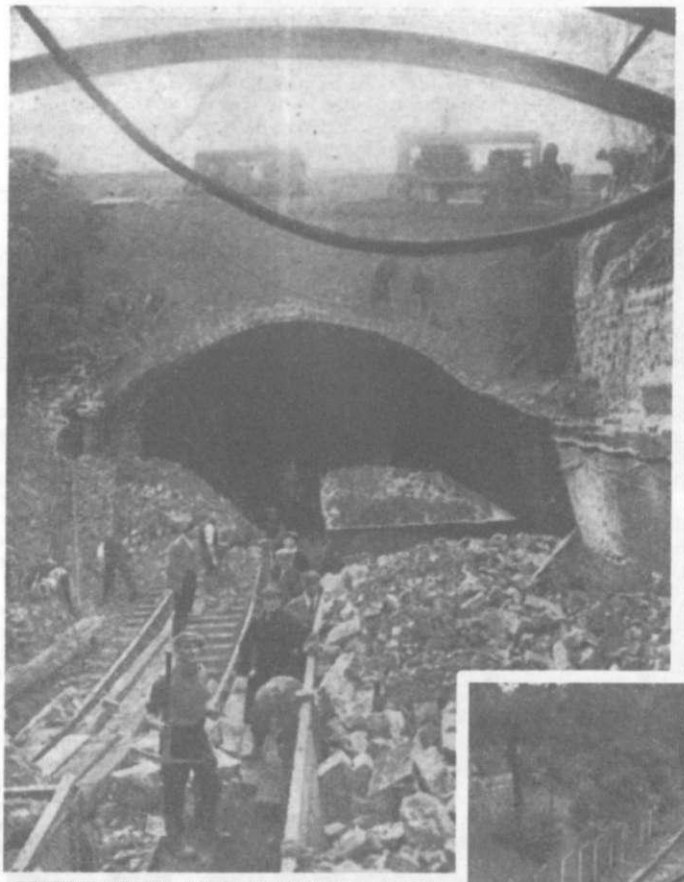
To those people who like an English Sunday, the English Sunday is a very nice institution indeed. It is admitted, I believe, that Sunday Schools have their warmest supporters amongst parents who are delighted that Sunday Schools for the youngsters enable *them* to spend a pleasantly somnolent Sunday afternoon. But many people do *not* like the English Sunday, and amongst these may well be included a great majority of the men and women of the Services who are forced to spend Sundays in towns or villages where they know next to nobody. It is hardly surprising, then, that demands for Sunday concerts, Sunday cinemas, even Sunday music-halls, are being expressed far more loudly, more generally, than ever before.

But there is not only the English Sunday, there is also the English law—and the law, as Mr. Bumble maintained, "the law is a ass." In many places Sunday cinemas are now permitted, although sometimes a benighted local council refuses to give its permission. Concerts are permitted, too, as a rule, particularly "sacred" concerts. But under no manner of circumstances may you put on a public stage show or a series of variety turns. For if you do you are likely to be reminded of the existence of the Sunday Observance Act, passed in 1672, when "good King Charles" of many spaniels and more lady-loves was on the throne.

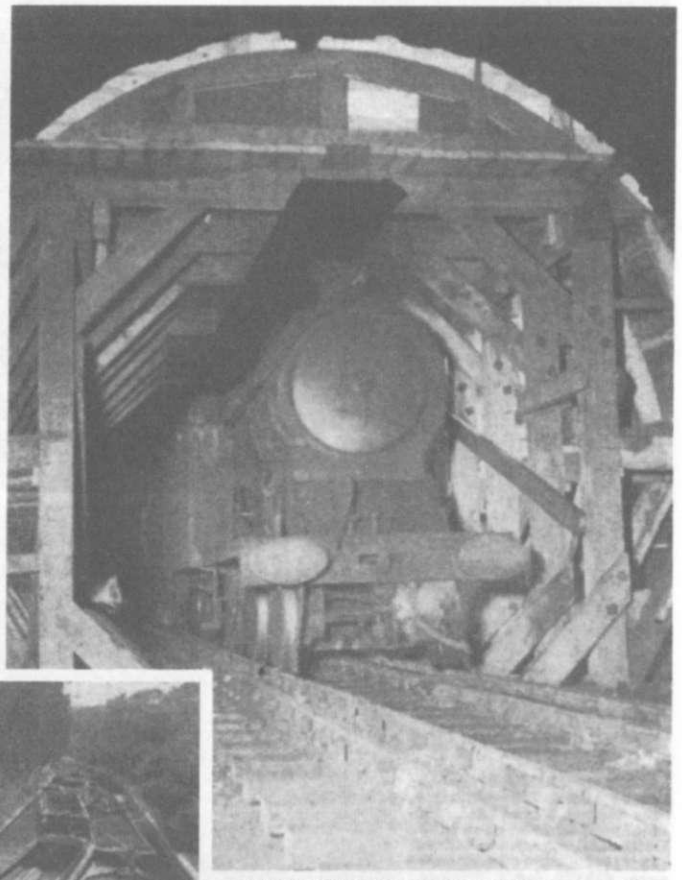
This ancient statute is appreciated by none so much as by the Lord's Day Observance Society. A few weeks ago a variety show was to have been given at Sevenoaks, Kent, under the patronage of Sir John Laurie, Lord Mayor of London, and the proceeds were to have been given to the Prisoners of War Fund. At the last moment it was reported that some of the artists were going to don music-hall garb. Whereupon the Lord's Day Observance Society intervened. Since there could be no scenery, no costumes, no make-up, the show was not held, the prisoners of war did not benefit, and the soldiers who would have been in the audience were *not amused.*

But against this Sabbatarian triumph we may note that the freer air of today has blown away an even more ancient practice. Some 1,900 years ago St. Paul wrote (1 Cor. XI, 5-10) that "every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head . . ."—a hard saying which has confounded the commentators. One interpretation has it that man's high dignity as the image and glory of God forbids him wearing a head-dress, while woman's subordinate position as the glory of man requires her to do so. Professor Peake goes on to suggest that the phrase "because of the angels" means that an unveiled woman when praying or prophesying in ecstatic mood would be particularly exposed to the lustful advances of the "angels," as were the "daughters of men" in Genesis VI, 1-4. But whatever the origin of the custom, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have now decreed that "we wish it to be known that no woman or girl should hesitate to enter a church uncovered, nor should any objection to their doing so be raised." So we shall no longer have the spectacle of women and girls hurriedly searching for handkerchiefs and scarves in the church porch. It takes a war to bring about such great changes as this.

Raids or No Raids, Transport Sees It Through



BRITISH RAILWAYS IN THE BLITZ performed a magnificent job of work. This L.N.E.R. tunnel, heavily damaged by a bomb, is undergoing repairs, while rubble is being removed.



THE TRAIN GOES THROUGH on completion of the repair work. Strong timber balks have been put in to support the damaged tunnel, and the choking debris has been cleared away.

ROAD TRANSPORT CARRIED ON, and the horse on the left was rescued with its companion after having been trapped for eight days in a wrecked London stable. Mr. B. Kennedy, stable foreman, saved the lives of these two animals ; he is here seen leading one of them to safety. Right, London tram-car severely damaged as the result of a daylight raid. Owing to petrol shortage, canal transport is increasing. Centre, traffic jams such as this are apt to occur in a narrow reach.

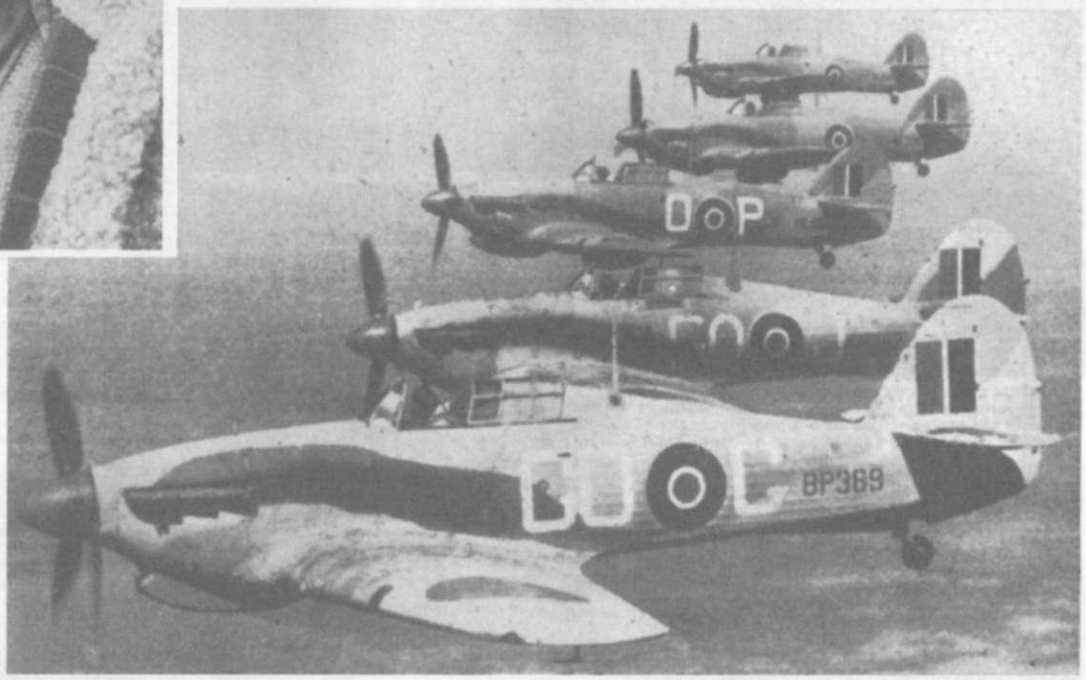
Photos, Topical Press, Daily Mirror, Planet News

Round and About Goes Our Roving Camera

LONDON BUSMEN, veterans of the London Passenger Transport Board's service, are giving instruction to Army lorry drivers in the handling of heavy motor vehicles. Right, Mr. J. Latham instructs Pte. J. D. Haldane of Toronto.

LADY MacROBERT, whose three sons, Sir Alasdair, Sir Roderic, and Sir Iain MacRobert, have been killed while serving with the R.A.F. In 1941 Lady MacRobert gave £25,000 for a Stirling bomber, to be named "MacRobert's Reply." On Sept. 16, 1942, it was announced in Cairo that she had presented 4 Hurricanes to the Middle East Air Command, to be used where they could be of most assistance to Russia. Three of these planes are named after her three sons; the fourth is called "MacRobert's Salute to Russia." The MacRobert fighters are included (right) in a formation of Hurricanes serving in the Western Desert.

JOHN GRIX, aged 14½, who received the George Medal at a recent investiture, showed the utmost bravery and devotion to duty during a raid on Norwich.



MR. CHURCHILL and GEN. SMUTS addressed some 2,500 representatives of the mining industry on Oct. 31, 1942, at a giant meeting held in London. One miner from each of the 1,300 pits in Britain was present, and coal-owners and management were also represented. Mr. Churchill is here seen making his address. On his left are seated Maj. Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel, Gen. Smuts, Mr. Attlee, Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. E. Bevin.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News, Topical Press, Associated Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Knocked Out 37 Axis Tanks in Egypt

Described by their Corps Commander as "one of the finest actions of the war," a company of 8th Army riflemen, cut off by the enemy in the Western Desert, fought on for 36 hours and with their 6-pounder guns knocked out 37 Axis tanks. The story of the engagement is told by Sergt. Charles Calliston and is reprinted here from The Daily Telegraph.

Sergt. Charles Calliston, M.M., of Forest Gate, London, is the author of the lively account of a tank battle given in this page.
Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright

We moved up to occupy a post at night. There was a very bright moon, and as we advanced we came in for a spot of bother from some German anti-tank guns. Our post was on a small diamond-shaped ridge. The enemy started machine-gunning us and sending over mortar bombs. A thousand yards away I could see the lumpy shape of a leading German tank.

They came rumbling on, spurting at us with their machine-guns, backed by shells and mortar bombs. There were 50-odd tanks and a staff car leading them. I let go at 150 yards. You could not miss. All our guns seemed to be firing at once. My target burst into flames, but came on another 50 yards before halting. Over on my left one blew up at 200 yards.

We were giving them hell, but we were not by any means getting away with it. Our position was rather exposed, and they let us have everything they had got. They even attacked us with lorried infantry, but the main battle was our guns against the 50 tanks. When they about-turned and retired we knew that for the moment our guns had won.

Some enemy tanks tried to hide by mixing up with the knocked-out tanks and derelict vehicles, but we were used to most of Jerry's tricks. The crew of one tank tried to repair it on the spot; we picked them off with rifles. I heard an 88-mm. gun banging away at us on the flank. Then there was silence as one of our guns scored a direct hit.

All this time the enemy never let up; nor did we stop. My gun had smashed up five tanks in the first attack, and I only count those that were burned out. Some of our guns were out of action. Some had run out of ammunition.

The thing that sticks out in my memory is our company commander saying we were cut off and there wasn't anything that could get through to us. We could fight it out, and keep on fighting as long as we had a shell or bullet or bayonet. Yes, we understood. There was no rest. When you had time to listen you realized we had fewer and fewer guns firing.

Two of my crew crept out on their bellies right into the open to get some ammunition under enemy fire. Then the platoon commander decided to reach a jeep which had four boxes of ammunition on board. God knows how he got to it—they were machine-gunning him the whole way.

They hit the jeep and it caught fire, but he kept on driving it on. We got the "ammo." off and then I had a funny idea. We had naturally been unable to light a fire, but here was a perfectly good one. So I put a can of water on the burning jeep, and it brewed up well enough for three cups of tea.

Our colonel kept going from gun to gun. How he inspired us! The enemy tried to shift us with infantry attack, but we sent them on their way with our Bren carriers.

When the next tank attack came the colonel was acting as loader on my gun. He was wounded in the head—it was a nasty wound, and we wanted to bind it up, but he would not hear of it. Keep on firing—that's what he wanted, and we did not pause. When the colonel was too weak to refuse attention we bandaged his head and put him behind some scrub.

He called out that he wanted to know what was happening, and my officer kept up a running commentary. We hit three tanks with three successive shots, and the colonel said "Good work—a hat-trick!"

Another gun got two tanks with one shell—they were one behind the other, and so the shell passed right through the nearest into the other, knocking out both. The ground in front of us was littered with broken tanks. Our officers were all working on the guns with us.

Suddenly I realized my gun had only two rounds of ammunition left. We took a line on two tanks and got both. Then came an order to make our way back to our own lines as best we could. We had to go under fire the whole way for two and a half miles.

We removed the breech-blocks and sights from our guns. We had men with tommy-guns leading us, and we carried the wounded in the centre. I had one of the wounded on my back. It took us four hours to reach our lines. Today we heard that some of our troops are back on our position. I hope they have our guns. We still have the breech-blocks, you know!

DURING THE BATTLE OF EGYPT at the end of October an isolated company of British riflemen made a magnificent stand against Rommel's armour. Above are officers and N.C.O.s of the gallant company.
Photo, British Official

I'm Priest of a Church at 'Hell-Fire Corner'

How the citizens of Dover, England's ancient gateway on the Straits, stand up to shelling by German long-range batteries is described below by a priest whose services are often punctuated by the roar of shell-fire. His story is reprinted here from the Daily Mail.

They've been shelling us here in Dover again. It began as it always does—as it began, in fact, on a Sunday morning I shall always remember. Dover on a Sunday morning is a quiet town, so quiet that in the old parish church the cries of gulls outside can clearly be heard.

Their cries became raucous and annoyed at that first sudden explosion. It was a strange sound, an enormous "bang," followed by a "wump" and a series of rumbling echoes passing up all the little valleys around like the shutting of doors.

There is no longer any mystery about that odd noise to Dover people. It means that some German battery commander 20 miles away on the French coast has given harsh orders, that one of his guns has elevated its barrel, that shell-lifting tackle has clankingly hoisted to the breech a large missile, and that, sped by a charge so powerful that it is hurled over the sea at an altitude of six miles, the shell falls vertically on to English soil upon the other side of the Narrows.

Since the shot takes a minute to do the 20 miles over sea, the gun will have finished recoiling and the crew be moving through the fumes to clean it before the first siren sounds in Dover. After a pause it will sound again, giving the "double warning," which means bombardment, and makes the Dover air-raid wardens write in their log books, "Shelling warning, red."

The congregation who have attended morning prayer go soberly home, unhurried, unmoved. They make a very civilian, unimpressive sight moving up the street.

It is very quiet again in the church, where from the walls memorials of generations of English folk look down on to the deep and hallowed peace of the place. It is nearly a thousand years old and very beautiful. At the altar the verger is carefully putting out the lighted candles.

There have been four more explosions, very heavy this time, which means that a full battery has now come into action. Past the church door a warden in a white steel helmet cycles towards a sound of tinkling glass. The church clock chimes; it is half-past twelve.

ON 'BRITAIN'S FRONT LINE FARM' near Dover (see p. 156) works Miss G. Harrison, a member of the W.L.A.—indeed she has received the B.E.M. for her devotion to duty there. She is seen carrying a bath filled with shell splinters—the result of the firing of German long-range guns, such as that shown in the photo below. An account of these bombardments is given in the accompanying text. *Photo, Associated Press*

There is a man digging in his garden at the foot of the hill. He looks up briefly as another salvo lands, marks the bursts, then turns again to his digging. He turns up another row, and then a fresh salvo crashes down and he pauses, a hand on the stock of his spade.

THAT lot fell in the town in a tightly packed spot behind the shoulder of an intervening hill. It will be nasty—an ambulance scoots off down the road into the town. The man in the garden rubs his chin.

Dimly, subconsciously perhaps, he will be reassuring himself, drawing instinctively upon his long history. Fundamentally unchanged, his race and kind have outlasted, often against the probabilities, all those who have ever come against him. It is he who has invaded the world, not the world which has invaded him. He has had many ups and downs. But it will pass. They always have passed.

In the meantime, he doesn't enjoy it; but he sticks it. He would be a fool if he did enjoy it, and he is not a fool, this stubborn man of Kent, this modest sharer, with the inhabitants of Malta, of Stalingrad, of Moscow, of Chungking, of Corregidor, in freedom's grim stand against tyranny. And he knows that the day of release from battle, murder and sudden death will be the day of final victory, and that day only.

And so he waits, noting often the R.A.F. swarm out across the sea, where for long he saw the enemy roar blackly in. Soberly, without demonstration, he lifts up his heart. He starts to dig another row.

From the dawn of English history Dover has been a fortress watching the Narrows, and this morning it looks the part. Here the Romans landed, here the Normans came. On its rock the great castle crouches, a Union Jack flying above the keep. This flag flaps loosely, for there is little wind, and the chimneys of the town at its foot send their blue smoke straight into the air.

Then on a swell of down a gout of black smoke appears. Then another, and another. It takes quite a time for the sound to arrive.

My Year's Struggle to Join General De Gaulle

Imprisoned, half-starved, handcuffed and chained—these were some of the trials suffered by a Frenchman fired with the resolve to rejoin the fight for France's freedom. His story is reprinted here from the News Chronicle.

I WAS a sergeant of the Reserve in the Colonial Infantry. I was wounded early in the Battle of France. I left hospital at Bordeaux as German troops arrived there, got promptly demobilized, and returned to my post on the administrative side of an important factory in the Bordeaux region.

Eight months later the Nazis ordered our factory to resume, under their control, the production of war material. I told my director that on no account would I work for the Boches, handed in my resignation, and said I had decided to join the fighting forces of General de Gaulle. He congratulated me, gave me 1,000 francs and said that I could return to my job when victory comes. Having sold all I had and obtained a loan from a friend, I found myself with 5,000 francs—quite enough, I thought, to get to some British port. But how to do it?

I had mixed up with patriotic organizations of resistance, but they were unable to give me the practical assistance I wanted. I decided to venture the risky trip across Spain, and was glad to find a companion for it.

We left Bordeaux on April 2, 1941, on our way to Spain. At the foot of the Pyrenees we managed to slip across the French border at night under the noses of German sentries and their dogs and beams from dozens of Nazi searchlights.

It took us two days and two nights to walk across the Pyrenees through secret paths known only to helpful smugglers we met at the early stage of our journey. Our guides were so good that we did not meet a soul all the way. But when we got to our destination in the early morning we were confronted at a street corner by two Spanish gendarmes, who levelled their rifles at us.

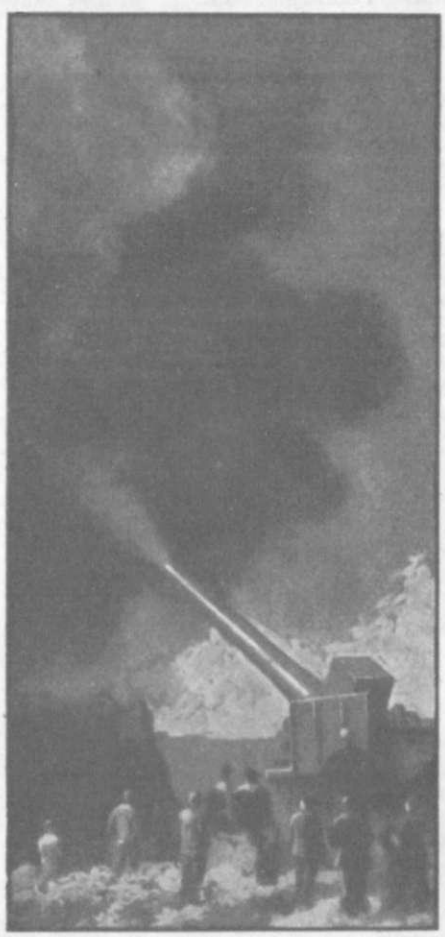
My companion and I were taken to prison, where everything—money, papers, even our toothbrushes—was taken from us. In fact, the only things they left us were the clothes we wore, but they emptied the pockets. We were thrown into a small, dark basement cell with no means of ventilation already packed with a dozen young Spanish "reds," all miserable human skeletons, some sentenced to death, others to prison for life. The atmosphere was filthy.

We slept, like the others, on the damp paved floor. No blankets, no soap, no towel, no possibility of washing. A most horrible soup twice a day. Permission to communicate with our Consul was refused. Our poor Spanish fellow-prisoners tried to be kind and helped us all they could.

After eight days in that prison we were taken to the no-less-filthy concentration camp of Mirandade Ebro in the mountains, where Franco gathers all "foreign undesirables." We were placed in packed, dirty quarters—no sanitary installations, no means of having a proper wash; we slept on the floor. Most of the prisoners, including very old men and boys of 15, all with heads shaved, were in rags covered with vermin. The whole camp was an appalling nightmare.

Twice a day we stood for hours in long queues to get a ladleful of a disgusting liquid they called soup, and a small piece of bread made of maize, millet, and beans. We had to work long hours without rest, carrying stones and sand for new buildings in the camp. All the prisoners, many of whom could hardly stand on their legs, were thin, pale, and haggard. And no way out—no hope of escape from this hell; there were armed sentries every ten yards day and night.

AFTER three and a half months of this horrible life I was lucky to find myself one morning in a group of 20 prisoners and escorted to the French frontier where French gendarmes took charge of us. Horribly dirty, dressed in filthy rags, our bodies covered with vermin, handcuffed and chained to



NEAR CALAIS, on the coast of France opposite Dover, is this German long-range gun—one of a number used by the enemy to bombard from time to time the English shore. *Photo, E.N.A.*

one another, our pitiful group had to walk through the streets of Pau. We cried like children.

When we appeared before the court the Public Prosecutor pointing at us exclaimed, "Look! Here is the De Gaulle army!" As none of us admitted having crossed the frontier to join the De Gaulle forces we were sentenced to only one month's imprisonment.

DESPITE the fact that our French gaolers were kind and the food relatively good, I was a wreck on leaving prison. In Spain I had lost 38 pounds in weight. But I was more determined than ever to join De Gaulle.

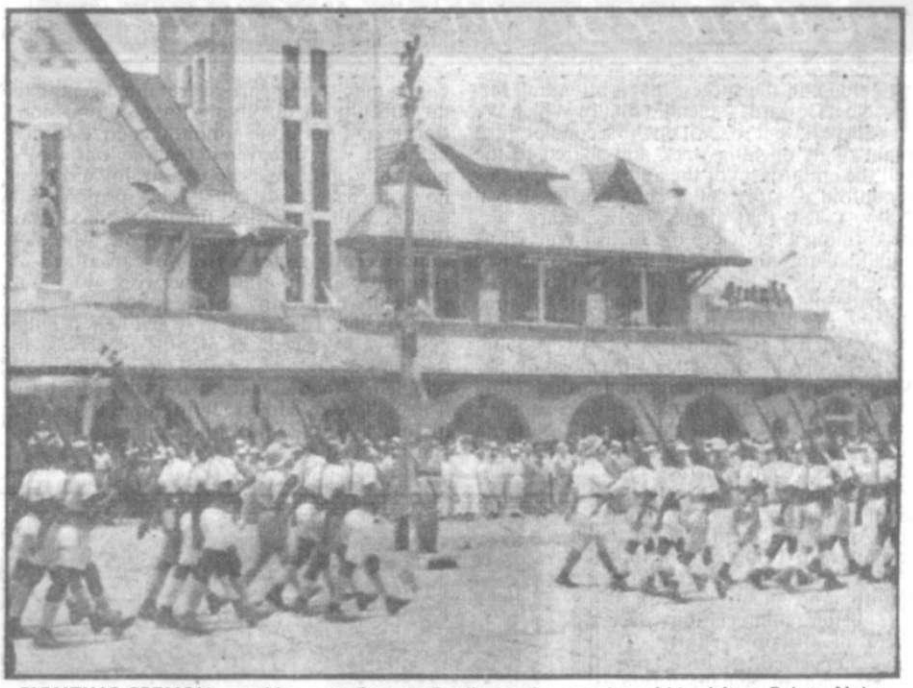
I got a free railway ticket to Marseilles, where a De Gaullist gave me 100 francs and a brilliant "tip!" The result was that to join the Fighting French I enlisted for two years in the Vichy Colonial forces. The idea was that on the way overseas there was a good chance that our vessel would be stopped by a British warship and then I could escape.

After four months in a military camp, where I found that 70 per cent of the men who had re-enlisted were De Gaullists, a couple of hundred of us left for Dakar at the end of last December. In my group alone there were 20 N.C.O.s anxious to join the Fighting French. From Dakar newcomers were sent to various posts in West Africa. I pleaded for Dahomey, where I had once worked, and my plea was granted.

I managed to get sent to Kandi, 300 miles inside the country. Then I found a companion for the journey to the Nigeria frontier, which was about 80 miles away, in wild country with no road, no villages. I copied a map of the region and on April 2 we left Kandi with our two Senegalese servants under the pretext of a hunting expedition in the bush. We had a compass, our rifles and some food and water.

We walked three nights and two days—sleeping between mid-day and four when the sun was too fierce. When our water supply was exhausted we had to drink any kind of water we found. How we did not kill ourselves I don't know! We were in a lamentable condition on reaching the Nigerian border. On arriving at a village near Illo in Nigeria, the chief gave us food and a pair of horses to go to the first British post, where we got a warm welcome. Since then we have been treated magnificently by the British authorities.

Now I am happy, having been able to do what I have been wanting to do for over a year: I have joined the Forces of General de Gaulle, the gallant Fighting French.



FIGHTING FRENCH marching past Gen. de Gaulle on the occasion of his visit to Pointe Noire in French Equatorial Africa a few months ago. The adventures of a French sergeant filled with the determination to "do his bit" for France's freedom are told in this and the previous page.
Photo, Forces Françaises Libres

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

OCT. 28, 1942, Wednesday *1,152nd day*

Egypt.—Minor tank engagements in Western Desert; enemy on defensive.

Russian Front.—At cost of heavy losses Germans advanced along two streets in Stalingrad. Soviet Marines raided German positions E. of Novorossisk.

India.—Jap aircraft raided U.S. aerodromes in Assam.

General.—Fifty-five hostages executed in Warsaw as reprisal for sabotage.

OCT. 29, Thursday *1,153rd day*

Mediterranean.—Allied heavy bombers raided Crete.

Egypt.—Our troops extended their gains in ground and took more prisoners.

Russian Front.—German attacks held at Stalingrad; fierce fighting round Nalchik.

U.S.A.—Mr. Stimson announced that the Alaskan Highway was open for its entire length.

OCT. 30, Friday *1,154th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of destroyer H.M.S. Veteran.

Egypt.—Enemy counter-attacks on our new positions were beaten off.

Australasia.—Announced that Jap fleet had retired from battle of the Solomons. U.S. troops held all their ground on Guadalcanal.

OCT. 31, Saturday *1,155th day*

Egypt.—Our troops made a further advance and took a number of prisoners.

Russian Front.—Heavy fighting in the Caucasus, where the Germans made some progress at Nalchik and the Russians at Tuapse.

Australasia.—In New Guinea Allied forces occupied Alola. U.S. heavy bombers damaged Jap battleship and aircraft-carrier at Buin.

Home Front.—Nine German aircraft brought down in daylight raid on Canterbury, and four more destroyed during the night.

NOV. 1, Sunday *1,156th day*

Egypt.—Our infantry began a new attack against enemy positions.

Russian Front.—In the Caucasus Russian troops withdrew in the area of Nalchik.

Australasia.—U.S. Marines made two-mile advance on Guadalcanal.

NOV. 2, Monday *1,157th day*

Sea.—U.S. Navy Dept. announced that American submarines had sunk seven enemy ships in Far Eastern waters.

Egypt.—By dawn a lane was breached in the enemy minefield for our armoured formations to advance.

Russian Front.—Evacuation of Nalchik in the Caucasus announced by the Russians.

Australasia.—In New Guinea Allied forces recaptured Kokoda. Japs landed fresh reinforcements on Guadalcanal.

NOV. 3, Tuesday *1,158th day*

Air.—Stirling bombers made daylight raids on industrial and railway targets in Western Germany.

Egypt.—Armoured battle developed following infantry advance.

Russian Front.—Fresh German attacks on Stalingrad were beaten off.

Australasia.—U.S. land forces made further progress on Guadalcanal.

NOV. 4, Wednesday *1,159th day*

Egypt.—British H.Q. in Cairo in special communiqué announced that Eighth Army had won magnificent victory, and Axis forces were in full retreat.

Russian Front.—German attacks by infantry and tanks were repulsed in several sectors of Stalingrad.

General.—Fifty hostages shot in Slovenia as reprisal for killing of German official.

NOV. 5, Thursday *1,160th day*

Egypt.—Eighth Army continued its pursuit of the enemy throughout the day.

Russian Front.—All German attacks held at Stalingrad and in the Caucasus.

Madagascar.—Hostilities ceased and an armistice was signed.

Australasia.—Allied ground forces in New Guinea continued their advance from Kokoda towards Buna. U.S. troops on Guadalcanal repulsed Jap counter-attacks.

NOV. 6, Friday *1,161st day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers made daylight raids on Osnabrück and other places in N.W. Germany. Two hundred Spitfires engaged in one sweep over Northern France. Heavy night raid on Genoa.

Mediterranean.—Admiralty announced that our submarines had sunk six enemy vessels.

Egypt.—Remnants of Rommel's Panzer army driven west of Fuka; mopping up of Italian divisions in progress.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting continued in the area of Stalingrad.

NOV. 7, Saturday *1,162nd day*

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers raided docks and submarine base at Brest by day; other raids on factory and railway targets in France, Belgium and Holland. R.A.F. made another night raid on Genoa.

Egypt.—Eighth Army's pursuit of Rommel's Panzer army continued: Hellfire Pass and Buq Buq heavily raided by our bombers.

Russian Front.—In the Stalingrad area Russian troops consolidated their positions.

NOV. 8, Sunday *1,163rd day*

Air.—U.S. Fortresses made daylight raids on steel works at Lille and airfield at Abbeville.

North Africa.—United States Army, Navy and Air forces, supported by Royal Navy and R.A.F., started landing operations in French North Africa, round Algiers, Oran and Casablanca. Algiers surrendered.

Egypt.—German rearguards at Mersa Matruh capitulated; many more Italian prisoners taken.

Russian Front.—In Stalingrad Germans were ejected from several buildings in the factory area.

Australasia.—Announced that Allied forces (including Americans brought by air from Australia) controlled all Papua except beach head in Gona-Buna area.

NOV. 9, Monday *1,164th day*

Air.—U.S. Liberator and Fortress bombers made daylight raid on docks at St. Nazaire; R.A.F. Bostons attacked Havre. Heavy night raid on Hamburg and other places in N.W. Germany.

North Africa.—U.S. forces landing to E. and W. of Oran made progress against stiff local resistance. Gen. Giraud in Algeria cooperating with Allied forces.

Egypt.—Enemy rearguards engaged in Sidi Barrani and Sollum areas.

Russian Front.—German attack in area of Mozdok was repulsed.

U.S.A.—Army bombers attacked Jap aircraft and shipping at Attu and Kiska, in Aleutians.

General.—Vichy Govt. broke off diplomatic relations with United States.

NOV. 10, Tuesday *1,165th day*

Air.—R.A.F. Bostons, accompanied by 200 Spitfires, raided docks at Havre; other fighter squadrons made sweeps from Cherbourg to Fécamp.

North Africa.—Oran captured by U.S. troops; resistance continued at Casablanca, where American dive-bombers and warships bombarded the harbour. Announced that British troops and R.A.F. had landed in North Africa.

Egypt.—Our forces advancing on the coast road drove the enemy from Sidi Barrani and engaged his rearguard at Buqbuq.

Russian Front.—German attacks were repulsed at Stalingrad and round Nalchik; Russians made progress at Tuapse and on the Leningrad front.

Australasia.—In New Guinea the Jap main forces were ejected from Oivi with heavy losses. On Guadalcanal U.S. troops continued to attack.

Flash-backs

1939

November 8. *Bomb explosion in Buergerbrau beer-cellar in Munich shortly after Hitler had been speaking there.*

1940

October 28. *Italians launched attack on Greece from Albania.*

November 3. *Announcement made that British troops had landed in Greek territory.*

November 5. *Roosevelt re-elected President of the United States for a third term.*

1941

October 29. *Russians announced evacuation of Kharkov.*

November 9. *Establishment of U.S. base in Iceland announced.*

Editor's Postscript

I REJOICE in the success that is attending Mr. Noel Coward's splendid film In Which We Serve. I went to see it on the second or third night of its opening week and shared to the full the enthusiasm of the audience. As I saw it unfold a story of a ship of the Royal Navy I felt that here Noel Coward was performing a service to the British War effort equal, if not superior, to that which he had done for the British way of life in Cavalcade. It made me regret that so much of his time during the earlier period of the War had been frittered away on less vital work; but that is only in character with most of our War effort; we fumble about a little blindly before we get really started, yet once we have started we can "show the world." Nothing finer in the way of visual propaganda has been conceived in America, and if In Which We Serve gets the great run it deserves throughout the American cinema world it cannot help being a contribution of the most persuasive nature (and much needed) to the better appreciation over there of Britain's effort. To have conceived, written, produced, and played the leading role in this inspiring film is surely a highwater mark in Noel Coward's uniquely distinguished career.

SITTING in the lounge of a well-known hotel the other night and regarding a group of young naval officers, I was interested to observe that four out of the five were so baldheaded that the day was not far distant when they might qualify for that condition once satirized as an "egg." One of them, indeed, was well advanced in egghood. It made me reflect on the stupidity of generalizing on baldheads, for I had read that very afternoon that some youthful world-reformer had stated publicly that there was no longer any place in the active services for baldheads and old crocks, the latter presumably a reference to age. But I have not seen it urged anywhere that General Smuts ought not to be leading the Union of South Africa or taking the eminent part that is his in the War Council because he is now 72 years of age. This question of age presents many difficulties; there is no yardstick by which it can be measured; there are "young seventies" and "old forties." "Go up, thou baldhead" is an indication that even in Bible times the lack of hair on the cranium was regarded as derogatory; but it is worth remembering that it was youngsters who used the phrase, whereas it was, I think, one of the energetic younger members of Parliament who made the remark that led to my taking special note of that clutch of young naval baldheads.

THIS week I have had no fewer than three instances in which the hasty decisions made by some examining doctors for War Service have cost the national exchequer quite a bit of money. No. 1 is the case of a personal friend, a young man who had undergone some years ago a critical ear operation, which should have barred him from active work in any of the Services. The doctor thought otherwise, passed him for the Navy, and the young man, being particularly intelligent, had no difficulty in qualifying for a commission. But he had not done a month's active service before it was discovered that he was really physically unfit to bear the strain, and he is now discharged to pursue his professional studies with a pension for life. No. 2 was that of a young man, known to me, who had quite recently suffered from a bad attack of rheumatic fever and otherwise was not physically fit for any harder job than that of a bookseller's assistant, in which he was quite efficient. A few brief months of service in the ranks, and he is now going about so crippled with rheumatism that it is doubtful if he will be fit enough at any time to resume his old job. Naturally he, too, has a small pension to draw.

MAJ.-GEN. H. LUMSDEN, D.S.O., M.C., Commander of the British Tank Forces (30th Corps) in the Middle East. His succession to the late Lt.-Gen. Gott was announced on Aug. 18, 1942. One of the "discoveries" of the War, he did brilliant work at Dunkirk.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE third case is that of a brilliant staff officer who in his youth had suffered an alarming accident to one of his eyes, which has in no wise impaired his general efficiency, as he has a splendid physique. When he first stripped for his medical he was instantly allocated to the Infantry, his general health was so obviously good. And this although he had mentioned his eye injury. But on starting a course of musketry he proved totally unable to aim correctly at the target, and thereupon he was immediately transferred to the Artillery. I mention these cases because all three have come under my notice within the last few days, and also because they must be typical of many thousands throughout the country. Surely it would seem that a little more discrimination on the part of examiners might save future taxpayers a considerable burden in pensioning the unfit who, in the first two cases mentioned, were able to give so little real war service and have themselves suffered from their particular disabilities having been so cursorily dealt with at their medical examinations.

HAVING had to vacate my seaside home some time ago and move inland to a country cottage, I have realized that the re-directing of letters and circulars must involve extra work at the Post Office, and latterly I have been trying to avoid this as far as possible by sending out notices of the changed address as permanent. These usually bring a confirming acknowledgement, but I was amused the other day to receive one assuring me that the change of address had been "duly registered in the books of the Company," the said acknowledgement being sent to the old address! Such indications of clerical carelessness must, I think, be attributed to War conditions which tend to lower the mental alertness of all who are not directly engaged in actual War work, where the exciting interest of the job may sharpen one's wits . . . Or does it?

THE change that has come over the treatment of the Press not only since the War of 1914, but since the beginning of the present conflict, is very noticeable in the marvellously interesting photographs that have recently been coming through from the Middle East. These are taken by intrepid cameramen who face all the risks of the front line soldiers and make their pictures amid every conceivable battlefield danger. Some of the results are astonishingly effective, and the reality of the incidents which they represent is conveyed with all the sense of movement which an artist's drawing could suggest, but with the added conviction that here is actuality. These heroes of the camera who, I understand, have been organized into a definite unit and go about their work with all the freedom enjoyed by the war correspondents themselves, are doing a public service no less valuable than that of their brothers of the pen, and it is a pity that the public should not know their names.

A DAY or two will carry us into "drear-nighted December," so I'll cheer up my readers once again with a quotation from my entertaining friend Old Moore. He (at least my particular Old Moore) promises us both "good news" and "a happy Christmas" in this delightful forecast:

"December brings good news for the general public in Great Britain. Reports come through of further settlements of International relationships (!). The world is beginning to settle down to the new era (!) and Christmas arrives with real hope in our hearts that our children and our children's children will never again have to suffer—and still to some extent are suffering—the disturbed conditions which war, long after peace is declared, must always cause . . . Hope is again arising and man marches forward with reviving confidence in his heart. A big religious revival takes place on somewhat unorthodox lines."

We shall soon be able to check up this prophetic picture of December 1942. I look forward to Christmas to settle an account with a formerly optimistic friend of mine who has twice postponed and twice doubled his bet "that the War would be over before next Christmas." I am now more optimistic than he. I have never thought of the end being in sight before Christmas 1943, with a possibility of final victory by Christmas 1944.

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—November 27, 1942 S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.